McKean County Miner.

State Library

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLIII. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1906. | NO. 48

SMETHPORT 6, PT. ALLEGANY 0

Was the Result of the High School Football Game Saturday.

ED GLAVIN PLAYS A STAR GAME.

Others Do Good Work and Have Best of Visitors All the Time—Our Goal Never in Danger—Fast Work by Teams.

The Smethport High School football team defeated the Port Allegany High School team by a score of 6 to 0, in a very interesting game on Kane Field last Saturday afternoon and the only regrettable thing was the absence of paid admissions.

Port Allegany won the toss and chose the west goal with a strong wind in their favor. Sherburne kicked off for the home team to the visitors five-yard line. They advanced to the 20-yard line before being downed. Port tried line bucking but were held for downs. Smethport took ten yards on the first set of downs but lost the ball on the second. The visitors punted the ball into Smethport territory, but clever and fast work by the home team brought it back to the center of the field. Port got the ball and one of the backs broke through the line and for an instant it looked like a long run for a touchdown, but Bush overhauled him on the 45-yard line. The visitors were held for downs and the ball was carried back to their 40 yard line where it went to Port Allegany again. They tried the line for a small gain. They then attempted a forward pass but it was a bad one and Glavin caught it and ran 45 yards for a touchdown. Sherburne kicked goal. Score, Smethport 6, Port Allegany 0.

Port Allegany kicked to Taylor on the 10 yard line who was downed on the 20-yard line. Smethport by steady, hard line bucking and some good punts held the visitors for downs, when they got the ball, had the pigskin well in the visitors territory when time was called.

The second half started with Port Allegany kicking off. The ball was down on Smethport's 25-yard line. By steady line plunging, some clever end runs and punts the ball was soon in the visitors' territory. The Port Allegany team would get the ball occasionally only to lose it on a fumble or downs. In less than ten minutes Smethport had the ball on Port Allegany's seven-yard line. Here the visitors made a decided stand and held them for downs with the ball less than a yard from their goal line. At this time the visitors braced up and played the best ball of the season. They carried the ball back about 40 yards before losing it. Smethport resumed their line plunging and had the ball on the visitors' 15-yard line when time was called. Final score, Smethport 6, Port Allegany 0.

All in all the game was well played for youngsters and demonstrated that we have some good material here for a fast team, although most of them have much to learn. Glavin is a clever little player of much promise. He has his eyes on the ball all the time, is in the game every minute, hits the line hard and in case of a fumble is always Johnny-on-the-spot to take advantage of it. Sherburne is a strong back and has developed a way of breaking through the line when his opponents have the ball that causes much confusion in the ranks of his enemy, and his work in the last half counted for much more than the average spectator had any idea. Others whom we have not space to mention at this time lent valuable aid in the game.

The home team outplayed the visitors in every way. Their punting was cleaner and surer, they fumbled less, hit the line harder, ran faster on end plays, were more sure of their tackles and the distance gained was at least three times that gained by the visitors. The touchdown made by Glavin might be called lucky but nevertheless it could not have been made without clever work on his part.

OTHER RESULTS

Yale 6; Harvard 0.
Illinois 5; Purdue 0.
Syracuse 4; Army 0.
Jefferson 11; Medico 0.
Lafayette 33; Lehleigh 0.
Brown 23; Dartmouth 0.
Rutgers 29; Ursinus 5.
Minnesota 8; Indiana 6.
Swarthmore 21; Amherst 0.
Pennsylvania 22; Villa Nova 13.
Navy 5; Virginia Polytechnic 0.
Cornell Freshmen 4; Pennsylvania Freshmen 8.

Fine Fall Millinery.

For all the latest creations in fall and winter millinery you should see my stock. The very finest materials and best style is used in all my headgear.

CARRIE REILLY CLARK.

Dr. Reed's E. Z. Cushion Sole Shoe for Men at Rubin's.

Good shoes. "Packard shoes." At Lindholm's.

Proposed New Game Law.

We are informed that the State Game Commission will make an effort to have an Act passed in the next legislature requiring every person, whether a resident or non-resident, to take out a license before he or she can legally hunt or shoot for any kind of game, bird or animal in this Commonwealth. Said license to cost $1.00 and the said fees to be used for the protection of game in the State.

If such a law is passed a man will be obliged to take out a license before he can legally hunt on his own premises, in some respects will be a nuisance to farmers and others who only indulge in the sport on rare occasions.

On the other hand the Game Commission propose to make this law a source of revenue to farmers and others in the rural districts who will assist in protecting game by paying anyone who will trap and winter one or more pairs of quail 75 cents for each pair of quail liberated in the spring.

It is further understood that the Game Commission will put out a great many quail in this section and at the proper time will furnish traps for catching them late in the fall so that they can be taken without injury and that full instructions as to their care will also be furnished those who will catch and keep them.

As will readily be seen this proposed law has both advantages as well as disadvantages. The revenue from such a law would amount to many thousands of dollars and this money could be used to great advantage, and no enthusiastic gunner would object to paying a dollar a year for the privilege of hunting. But on the other hand there are those who only go out once or twice a year who might object to this restriction on their sport.

The question is whether the proposed law or the present one would satisfy the most people interested. We think our Members of Assembly will be guided in this by the wishes of the majority and we would like to hear from those interested either for or against the proposed law. We expect to have more to say in regard to this later and the MINER wishes to espouse the cause of the majority in this case at least.

Death of Mrs Taylor.

Mrs. Laura M. Taylor died at her residence on Main street, this borough, Tuesday morning, Nov. 27, 1906, the cause of her death being valvular heart trouble, aged 42 years and 11 months.

The subject of this sketch was the eldest daughter of H. M. and Sarah Reynolds and was born in Rutland, Tioga county, Pa., Dec. 23, 1863. When only twelve years of age her mother died, leaving her the care of a six-year-old sister, to whom she has always been both a mother and sister in affection.

On May 12, 1886, she was united in marriage to E. H. Taylor of this borough and has resided here since that time. This union was blessed with five children, three sons, John, Robert and Fred, and two daughters, Laura and Edna, who with the sister of the deceased, Mrs. Hattie Judge of Binghamton, N. Y., survive to deeply mourn the loss of a kind and indulgent mother and sister.

Eight years ago her husband was taken away and since that time she has had the whole care of her family together with that of her husband's aged mother until she went to her reward. She bore her burdens like a true christian, never complaining of her lot, and always willing to assist a friend or a neighbor when in need. She was a member of the Baptist church, the P. H. C. and L. O. T. M. and was a faithful worker in these organizations.

The funeral services will be held in the Baptist church Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. T. D. Ware officiating and her remains will be laid at rest beside those of her husband in Rose Hill cemetery.

Program of C. L. S. C.

Dec. 10.—Paper, History of time between King John and King Richard II, Miss Young. The reign of King Richard II, Mrs. Bisett. Introduction of characters in Act I, Mabel Day. Reading, Act I.

Dec. 17.—Resume of Act I and introduction of characters in Act II, Mrs. Masser. Social condition in England and Wales at this time, Miss Day. Reading, Act II.

Jan. 7.—Paper, Resume of Acts I and II, introduction of characters in Acts III and IV, Rae Rubin. Reading, Acts III and IV.

Jan. 14.—Circumstances attending the writing of King Richard II, Mrs. Morrison. Reading, Act V. Review of King Richard II, Miss Appleby.

For Sale.

A number of fine lots fronting on Main Street, in Smethport. These lots are 4 by 16 rods, nicely located, and will be sold at moderate prices and on easy terms of payment. Also a nice lot on Bank street. T. H. Morrison, Attorney

The Acme Cushion Sole Shoe for Ladies, at Rubin's Shoe Store.

Be up to date and get your Potato Crates at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

'TWAS NOT A BURGLAR.

But it Robbed the Bank Force of Pure, Fresh Atmosphere.

A little animal all black except the tip of his pointed nose and bushy tail created a great deal of excitement around the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company building on Monday. Some time Sunday night the little fellow fell into one of the cellar window boxes and as they are about two feet deep and walled with flat stones he could not get out.

At a real early hour Monday morning one of our popular doctors, who was passing the bank while returning from a professional call, heard a noise which sounded to him like the filing of steel bars. He said nothing but hunted up our chief of police and the two made a careful investigation. They crept cautiously up to the window from whence the sound came but could see nothing, although the "filing" continued. Finally Chief McCarty grew desperate and ventured to light a match when he discovered the little animal vainly endeavoring to escape from his place of imprisonment and all temptation of stealing the carefully guarded gold within.

Our chief is possessed of a kind heart and ordinarily will not turn a deaf ear to man or beast in distress but this proved to be the exception and he suddenly discovered that he had urgent business elsewhere, leaving the poor little fellow to his fate. Neither would the gallant medical man lend his assistance in this case.

In the morning when Treasurer Burdick came on duty he too heard the filing and instituted an investigation. When he discovered the exact condition of things he also refused to aid the little fellow, but thoughtfully shielded the embarrassed little thing from the curious gaze of passersby by laying some boards over the opening, intending to liberate him that evening by placing a board so he could get out of the hole.

This plan however was frustrated by some school boys, a bull dog and a young man who was anxious to skin the little fellow to make Thanksgiving money. These forces attacked the animal, who met their onslaught by returning fire with his only weapon of defence, and for a time the attacking forces were repulsed but finally the greater numbers won out and the little fellow was dislodged and cruelly murdered. So fierce was the battle that the air became stifling and at last reports the "smoke of battle" had not entirely cleared away and the bank force was doing business behind closed windows and doors as much as possible.

Lewis Emery, Jr., Retracts.

A Philadelphia dispatch dated Nov. 25, says: Lewis Emery, Jr., of Bradford, candidate for governor of Pennsylvania on the fusion ticket in the recent campaign, who was sued by State Senator James P. McNichol for charging him with bribery in connection with the election of a speaker of the State House of Representatives in 1901, yesterday retracted his statement, and in consequence the suits against Mr. Emery were promptly withdrawn by Senator McNichol. Mr. Emery made a public retraction, as follows:

"To the Public: As the result of the recent investigation I am convinced that the statement made by me in a political speech at Lebanon respecting the bribery of certain members of the legislature to vote for Marshall for speaker of the House of Representatives in the legislative session of 1901 was incorrect so far as the same related to James P. McNichol and in justice to him I desire to state that the conversation which I was informed took place and which I quoted in my speech was erroneously imputed to him.

"With the bribery of the members of the legislature referred to, I am convinced that Mr. McNichol had nothing whatever to do, and I cheerfully make this retraction of any imputation to that effect arising from the speech delivered by me.

"LEWIS EMERY, JR."

The retraction was given out by the attorneys for both sides. Senator McNichol had sued Mr. Emery for $250,000 damages and had also instituted criminal suit against him.

Narrow Gas Belt.

The Kane Republican says: The second well which was drilled in by the Keelors the fore part of the week, was shot yesterday afternoon in a stray sand below what is known as the Cooper sand. The well responded to the shot and it was reported by well informed gas men that the well would be a good producer. It demonstrates, however, that the streak of gas belt is very narrow, making it hard to determine which way it runs, and only the drill will be able to test the territory. Ulf Bros. & Walter will put down at least two wells and give their lease a thorough test. It is the only way to determine whether there is either gas or oil.

For Sale.

Good building lot opposite depot at Larabee. For further information inquire of H. W. RUBIN, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Tribute to Late Eugene Mullin.

The Potter county court on Nov. 10 paid special honor to the memory of the late Eugene Mullin of Bradford. The Coudersport Journal says:

At 5:15 p. m. a motion was made by C. L. Peck, Esq., to adjourn the courts in honor of Eugene Mullin, whose death has occurred since the last term of court. The motion being duly seconded and supported by the voicing of suitable sentiments by Messrs. Peck, Lillibridge, Lewis, Sweetland and others, was accepted by the court and the several courts adjourned in accordance therewith.

The following resolutions, presented by a committee appointed at a meeting of the Bar Association, were read and made a record of the court.

In the matter of Eugene Mullin, Esq.

Whereas, The hand of death has removed from his earthly labors Eugene Mullin, who for more than a quarter of a century has been an active member of the Bar of Potter County, intimately associated with its business and social relations, therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Eugene Mullin we recognize the loss of a brother whose whole professional life and association with us has been a model exemplification of what the true lawyer should be, whose zeal for his cause never overshadowed his duty to the court and fellow members of the bar, who while earnest and aggressive in defending the rights of his clients was ever courteous, considerate and obliging to his opponents, earnest for the right, but where fidelity to his client was safely within the true boundaries of justice and in whose death the legal profession of Northern Pennsylvania has lost one of its brightest representatives,

Resolved, That this memorial be spread upon the minutes of the court and a copy thereof engrossed and sent to the members of the family of our deceased brother.

C. L. PECK,
M. J. COLCORD,
W. L. LILLIBRIDGE,
Committee.

"New York by Night."

"In the first years of my experience on the stage," tells Edwin Lloyd, the well known character-actor who assumes the role of General Dalrymple, a retired army officer in the production of "New York by Night," which is to be presented at the Smethport Lyceum, Friday evening, Nov. 30, "when everything seemed real and I was full of enthusiasm and anxiety to progress in my work and make a name for myself, I often spent two hours in my dressing room in experimenting in making up for whatever character I was to play, no matter how small or unimportant it might be. It was the first performance of a big English melo-drama, and at the end of the second act I was to come on with a large crowd and at a certain cue to shout: 'We have him now; down with him.' In those days I considered that a very important part in the play, and consequently I racked my brain to decide on a good make-up and a correct costume. After spending a long time at making up I was at last satisfied with my appearance. After all my preparation, I went down on the stage to be ready for my entrance when I was almost petrified at the sight of the curtain descending on the act that I should have been in. Crestfallen and thoroughly frightened (for I believed that I had ruined the act by my absence) I made my way to the stage manager to make some explanation for my fault and to take my medicine like a man. That hustling individual pushed me roughly to one side crying: 'Clear the stage.' For a moment I did not know how to take it. Then like a flash the thought came to me that I had never been missed."

A Fiend in Human Form.

Early Monday evening in a dark place on South avenue, a fiend in human form, who, in the South, would be hunted to earth with bloodhounds and dealt with according to lynch law, grossly insulted and severely frightened three little girls. They ran screaming from the brute into a house nearby. On the same street a short time before the little girls were frightened a young married woman was seized by a young man, the same degenerate, doubtless, and an assault was attempted. He first asked the woman where Amm street was located and then he seized her. The woman broke his grasp on her and succeeded in getting away. The police, on being notified, went to South avenue, but were unable to locate the scoundrel. He is described as a young man of about five feet, eight or nine inches in height, of smooth face. He wore what seemed to be a sweater and had on a long black coat and a derby hat of the same color. —Tuesday's Bradford Era.

Cows for Sale.

Two extra good cows for sale at a reasonable price, considering stock and breeding. A bargain for anyone wanting gentle cattle that anyone can handle. For particulars inquire of

FRANK W. BACKUS,
605 E. Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

This community was greatly startled on Monday morning, Jan. 26, 1885, to hear of the sudden death of John Digel, proprietor of the Silver Mountain Granite works, which took place early Monday morning at his residence near Hamlin station. He had been sick but a few days, his death resulting from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism which attacked the vitals, and brought him to a speedy end. Mr. Digel was born in a little town called Neuffen, lying at the foot of the Alps mountains in Wurtemburg, Germany, July 25, 1844, so that at the time of his death he was about 40 years and a half old. He came to this country when he was about 21 years of age, and for four or five years after his arrival led a rather roving life. During this time he paid a visit to Louisiana, Mexico, the Island of Cuba, South America and California. This he was enabled to do by means of working at his trade, which was that of a stone cutter. After paying a visit to his parents in the old country he returned to this country and settled in Smethport about fourteen years ago, marrying Amelia, daughter of Adam Martin of Clermont, for his wife, who, together with several small children, survive to mourn his loss. Mr. Digel was a good citizen, an enterprising and energetic business man, a kind husband and indulgent father, and had he lived and succeeded as he hoped to do, his monumental and fine stone business would have become one of the most profitable enterprises of the county. His funeral services were held in the Baptist church Wednesday at 1 o'clock, the pastor Rev. F. H. Gates, conducting the services and striving to improve an event at once so solemn and impressive to the good of all concerned. The remains were interred in the family lot in Rose Hill cemetery, there to await his general resurrection. His stricken wife and little ones have the sincere sympathy of the entire community.

Mrs. Sophia Lyman died Saturday morning, Feb. 7, 1885, at 6:50, after a short illness of only three days, of cancer of the esophogus. Mrs. Lyman was the widow of S. M. Lyman, who died in Chautauqua about three years since. She was born in Friendship, N. Y., August 23, 1834, making her a trifle over 50 years of age. She leaves three sons, Edmund, Arthur and Burton, and numerous other friends to mourn her demise.

On Wednesday evening as Fred Jones, foreman of the MINER job department, was going down Main street at a 2:17 gait he was accosted thus:

"Hello Fred, what's the hurry?"

"Where's Doc Wells?"

"Don't know—what's the matter?"

"Send Doc. up to my house, will you (pulling on an overshoe that he had cast) and tell him to come right straight?"

The strange antics of Fred was explained by Dr. Wells on the following morning by simply saying, "girl—all doing well—mighty cold night last night."

Mrs. Ann Eliza Goodrich, mother of Mrs. James McGuire, and wife of Jerome Goodrich, Esq., died at her residence at Coudersport, on February 23, 1885, aged 69 years. Mrs. Goodrich formerly resided in this place, where she was highly esteemed for her many noble traits of character. She leaves her husband and eight children to mourn the great loss of wife and mother.

Mrs. Lizzie Poff, wife of Valentine Poff, Esq., died at her residence in this borough on Sunday, March 1, 1885, at 3 o'clock p. m. Mrs. Poff was the daughter of Mary and Michael Keefe and was born in Monroe county, Pa., on the 4th of July, 1859. Mrs. Poff in her short career had shown remarkable capabilities in the transacting of business, and was a great helpmate to her husband in securing the competence he now possesses. She was beloved by all her friends and acquaintances, and her death is a crushing blow to her immediate relatives. She leaves a husband and two children, the youngest an infant daughter only a few weeks old.

Clem D. Gallup, son of Alfred Gallup, Esq., of Keating township, died of consumption in Richmond, Va., on the 27th of February, 1885, aged 21 years. Mr. Gallup had been stopping in Norfolk, Va., the past winter, hoping thereby to benefit his health. He was on his return home when attacked with a hemorrhage which resulted in his death. He has been in the employ of his cousin, W. D. Gallup, Esq., one of our leading merchants for several years and was one of the charter members of the Smethport Hose Co. The remains reached here on Monday last and the funeral services were held at the residence of his father the next forenoon, Rev. Bradley of the Methodist church preaching the funeral sermon. The hose company had entire charge of the burial services. Mr. Gallup was a young man of excellent business qualifications and was highly respected by all who knew him.

For Sale Cheap.

A good team of work horses. Inquire of J. E. Mundy, Smethport, Pa.

A Good Idea.

A number of residents of Mansfield are looking into the matter of organizing an insurance company in town for the purpose of insuring village property. It is said $10,000 are paid out each year in Mansfield for insurance, and the losses for the last twenty years have not exceeded what it costs the residents in premiums for one year. The existing rates are altogether to high in this boro, the water protection considered. The idea is to organize on a plan similar to that of the Grange Fir. Insurance Company. There is not the least doubt that a company along the lines suggested would be very successful, and save the people hundreds of dollars a year. As the matter now stands, you pay whether there are any losses by fire or not. With the proposed new company in operation, you would pay only when some member sustains a loss, and your protection would be fully as adequate as it now is at the hands of the old line companies. The cost of organization would be small, and there would be no heavily-salaried president or other officers.—Mansfield Advertiser.

It might be a good idea for Smethport residents to try the same thing. At the rates charged now by the old line companies it is practically prohibitive to the ordinary property owner.

He was Tired of Life.

Maurice Ackerly, a well known musician, tried to commit suicide late yesterday afternoon. Ackerly lives in a house on lower Center street near the creek. He was despondent because he was penniless and out of work. He placed the muzzle of a small revolver against his head and pulled the trigger. The bullet did not penetrate the skull, but made a severe gash over one eye, which bled freely. Dr. Straight was called in, after which the man was removed to the hospital in Sloan and Grabe's ambulance and he attended to the wound. Ackerly will recover. Ackerly formerly played clarinet and alto horn in the bands in this city. He was a carpenter by trade, and held forth in a shop in Patent alley for years. Of late he has been so careless in his habits and so unregular that steady work was hard for him to obtain, and with the approach of winter, without money and without work he came to the conclusion that life was not all it was cracked to be and that he would end it. He will feel more cheerful perhaps, after a stay at the hospital, where good care and good food will warm his body and lighten his heart.—Saturday's Bradford Star.

A Good Performance.

Another small house was the result at the Lyceum last Friday evening. The play, "As Told in the Hills," although weird and thrilling, was produced by a company of capable actors and actresses and it pleased all. Just how any show company can have the heart to act before such a small audience is beyond comprehension, but they do and do it well. The management of the Smethport Lyceum is booking good attractions in the hope of satisfying the theatre patrons, but the patrons are not there. The reason for this is unexplainable, but it is so. We have a good playhouse and if it is to continue the public must support it. It, like any other business, cannot be run at a loss. Turn out and show your appreciation.

His Comrades Remembered.

A dispatch from Franklin, Pa., says: Each one of the surviving members of Company F, 121st volunteer regiment, which served in the Civil war will receive a bequest of money from the estate of Captain John M. Clapp of Washington, D. C., who died several weeks ago. The executor of the estate declines to make public the amount, but it is said to be $5,000 for each man. Captain Clapp was a millionaire and made his money in the oil business. His company was recruited in this county and most of the beneficiaries live near here. The will will be filed for probate within the next two weeks.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending November 24, 1906:

Riley Broughton, William Broughton, Mr. Dornett, Kataranzo Filanowkoi, William Mitchell, Mrs. Wm. Shaffer.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosphate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. JONES, Smethport, Pa.

Lost.

A gold Masonic charm, with initials "E. M. C." on one side. Finder will be rewarded by returning to E. M. Cheesman.

Bear skin hose for boys and girls. The kind to wear. Lindholm's.

The Acme Cushion Sole Shoe for Ladies, at Rubin's Shoe Store.

Underwear time. Try Munsing Union Suits. At Lindholm's.

The Mysterious Bird of Mont Pelee

By MARION E. CROSSKILL

Copyright, 1902, by Marion E. Crosskill

IN the fall of 1901 Tom McLaren sailed from New Orleans on board a vessel bound for Rio Janeiro. He shipped as second mate, with every prospect in the world of promotion.

We were to be married on his return, and the last words he said to me before he jumped on board the Kitty Kelly the morning he sailed were, "The next time I go away, Lucy, I'll be leaving my wife behind instead of my sweetheart."

The Kitty Kelly was expected to return to New Orleans in five months, but the five months lengthened themselves out into seven, and still no tidings of the vessel had been received since she had left Rio on her return trip, and as the days passed the anxiety began to wear on me in spite of my efforts to keep my courage up.

Ever since my childhood I had heard of an old negro sorceress who lived in a lonely spot some distance outside of the city and who was said to possess wonderful powers of divination and prophecy.

I found myself listening to black Sarah's account of how this old woman told them where little Sam Lathrop was after he had been kidnaped, and they found him exactly as she said.

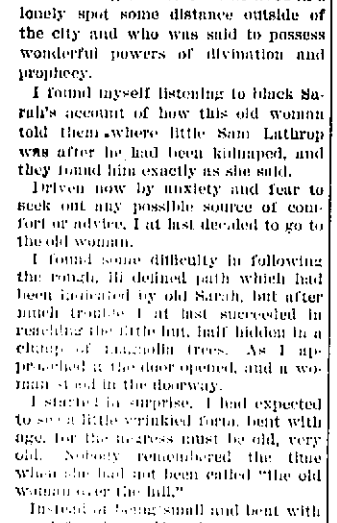
Driven now by anxiety and fear to seek out any possible source of comfort or advice, I at last decided to go to the old woman.

I found some difficulty in following the rough, ill defined path which had been indicated by old Sarah, but after much trouble I at last succeeded in reaching the little hut, half hidden in a clump of magnolia trees. As I approached it the door opened, and a woman stood in the doorway.

I started in surprise. I had expected to see a little wrinkled form, bent with age, for the negress must be old, very old. Nobody remembered the time when she had not been called "the old woman over the hill."

Instead of being small and bent with age I found myself gazing with a feeling almost of awe at a large, erect and well proportioned figure with a fearless, somewhat commanding air. Her skin was a smooth ebony black. Her features were peculiar. Instead of the thick lips one always associates with the race hers were thin. Her nose was straight and well shaped, the nostrils spreading very slightly. Her eyes were large and prominent, showing a great deal of the white, which gave them a strange, wild look. She had a fashion of narrowing them sometimes, like a nearsighted person, and at these times it seemed as if their owner were looking out at you from another world. So clear cut were her features and so straight, strong and well poised her figure that I could think of nothing which she might be so fitly compared to as a statue of black marble. This effect was heightened by her dress. She wore a queer one piece garment of some coarse black material, and a colored handkerchief was twisted about her head.

I had not recovered from my surprise at her appearance when she spoke, and her voice startled me as much as her looks. It was not the voice nor the speech of the negro. The tones were



I STARTED IN SURPRISE.

deep and resonant, without a touch of the soft accent of the race. There was instead something foreign in their sound.

"For what have you come?" she asked, narrowing her eyes and looking at me intently.

I explained my errand as I followed her into the hut. She pushed a chair for me, while she stood at a little distance, regarding me intently.

After a minute she said:

"You want to know about—yes, yes, but I may have to go a long distance to find him, and you must sit where you are and not stir."

She turned to leave the room. On reaching the door she stopped, and, looking me through and through once more, she said:

"Remember, no matter how long I am gone, you must not leave your seat or I can't tell what will happen."

I waited a long time, so long that I began to fear dark would overtake me before I could get home, and there was a storm coming.

As I sat looking about me my eyes rested on a little window, consisting of two small panes of glass, high up in the wall at the farther end of the room. This window evidently gave light to some other room. But, no: there was no door except the one by which I had entered, and the woman's bed stood in a corner. The window must be one looking outdoors, though it did not seem to admit any light. I sat looking at it for some time, and as I looked it struck me as odd that there should be a curtain on the outside of the window. This curtain consisted evidently of a piece of calico or some material about that thickness.

I remembered her injunction not to leave my seat, but curiosity at last gained the mastery. After I had sat a little while longer, wondering and speculating about this curious little window, I arose and tiptoed across the room toward it.

I tried to peer through the curtain, but it was too thick. I could see nothing. I examined the sides. They were close and admitted no glimpse of what was beyond. The top was above an ordinary person's reach; but, being tall and supple, I could, by clinging to a peg on the wall and raising myself on tiptoe, bring my eyes to a level with the top of the window, where the curtain sagged slightly, leaving a narrow crack. Peering through this crack, I found myself looking into another room, a small room, so dimly lighted that at first I could scarcely make it out. After a minute, however, as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, I saw a long, narrow apartment, evidently a strip partitioned off the end of the cabin and running all the way across it. The floor was covered with some sort of carpeting and rug, I could hardly make out what, and, stretched full length upon it, was a naked form.

I drew back for a moment in terror; then, regaining courage, I once more placed my eye to the window. This time I could see more clearly. The form was that of the negress. Her black body was stretched rigid, motionless, upon the floor. For a moment I gazed at her with a strange terror creeping over me and then again withdrew my eye from the window. As I did so a muffled shriek, a cry of terror, reached my ear from somewhere out of sight. I went hastily to the door and, opening it, looked out. There was no one about. The voice had come apparently from the clouds. Could it possibly have been the wind, which was blowing hard now? No; I felt positive it was not.

It had suddenly grown darker. Stormy looking piles of clouds loomed up on the horizon, and the rain had begun to fall. I made up my mind to leave the hut and go home as quickly as possible, but anxiety to hear what the woman might tell me concerning Tom, after having come so far and waited so long, made me turn back into the cabin, close the door softly and slip into my seat again.

In a minute the door opened, and the negress entered. Her piercing black eyes looked so wild that my fright returned, and I heartily wished myself safe out of the place. Her clothes seemed to be tossed about, as though she had been out in the wind, but save for a drop or two of rain she was not wet, so it was impossible that she could have come far. Again the sight of her naked form, stretched only a few feet from where I sat, rose up before me, and I felt the creeps go up my spine.

"You disobeyed me," she said, coming quickly toward me. Her look, voice and manner betrayed great agitation.

"Your disobedience nearly cost me my life," she continued. "Why did you leave your seat? If you had not taken your eye from that window just when you did I should have been killed."

"I am so sorry," I began, but she continued, without appearing to hear me:

"I had to go a long distance to find him—a long distance—and I am tired, for dangers beset me. But I found your lover. He is safe and well on board a vessel becalmed in the Caribbean sea."

"His vessel, the Kitty Kelly?" I cried.

"No; not his vessel. That was wrecked off the coast of Trinidad. You will see him soon if he escapes the fiery mount."

"The fiery mount?" I echoed.

"Yes. Danger awaits him. It is near, very near. If you do not hear from him within the month you will know that he is dead."

"Can nothing be done to save him?" I cried.

The woman looked at me in silence for a moment and then said:

"Nothing, unless I again risk my life."

"But I will not disobey you again," I said earnestly.

"It will not depend on you this time," she returned.

"I will pay you whatever you ask; only save him." I found myself trusting implicitly this woman whom I had not before believed in.

The negress gave me a strange look and said, "Go home and wait."

I would have urged her further, but she waved her hand.

"Go now. I am worn," she said wearily, and, passing her hand over her forehead, she sank down on a rough seat beside the table with the air of one who had been through a great struggle.

I took from my pocket the purse which I had brought with me, and, laying it on the table beside the woman, I said softly:

"I am sorry I disobeyed you. I will know better another time." Then I turned and went out of the cabin and, setting my face toward the town, walked as fast as wind and rain would permit.

This eventful visit to the seeress was made on May 4, and nearly a month had passed when I received a letter from Tom.

He had had many adventures, he wrote, and had passed through many perils, concerning which I should hear on his return. The letter was followed in a few weeks by Tom himself, alive and well and looking as brown and rugged as a sailor should, and I listened with excited interest while he recounted all that had befallen him since sailing from New Orleans.

"On leaving the Bahamas," he said, "we proceeded to Rio Janeiro and discharged our cargo. We intended to

"I RAISED THE MUZZLE AND TOOK AIM AT THE BIRD."

touch at Trinidad on the return voyage. We, however, encountered storms, and our vessel was wrecked within sight of the island. All on board were saved. I had the good luck to fall in with a vessel bound for Santo Domingo. From there I was in hopes of finding a berth on some northward bound vessel.

"I was to have more adventures, however. During the voyage we were driven by adverse winds far out of our course and lay for a long time becalmed in the Caribbean sea, not far from the island of Martinique.

"One day, as the vessel lay in a sea so calm that it resembled a great mirror, suddenly, from nowhere apparently, there appeared directly over the mainmast of the vessel a huge black bird. It was not like any bird I had ever seen in the tropics, nor anywhere else, in fact. Its large head resembled that of an owl, and the body was almost like an eagle's, except that it was black as a raven.

"I was not the only one who saw the bird, and in an instant a sailor came running with a gun in his hand. But the others begged him not to shoot.

"'It will bring bad luck to the ship,' they cried. 'Put up the gun.'

"I was not superstitious, however, and, seizing the rifle from the sailor, who stood irresolute, I raised the muzzle and took aim at the bird.

"But now a strange thing happened. Just as I was about to pull the trigger the bird disappeared. Nor did it fly away, but, poised in midair over the ship, it vanished as it had come—on the instant.

"I lowered the gun, blinked my eyes and looked about me.

"'Did you see that?' I asked, turning to the sailor who had brought the gun.

"'Plow me?' he said. 'Where did it go to?'

"Then I looked around at the others, all of whom had seen the thing.

"'I told you so,' repeated first one, then another. 'It is lucky you did not shoot. No good would come to the ship.'

"By this time the captain was on the scene with his glasses and carefully scanning the sky, but no bird could be seen. It all happened in a minute, and I can hardly believe to this day that it was not a dream."

"What date was that, Tom?" I asked eagerly.

"May 4. I remember it well, because that night a breeze sprang up, and we made the island of Martinique before daybreak.

"The second night we lay in St. Pierre. At about the middle watch I was awakened by a sound as of some one moving about the cabin. At first I was going to call out, but before I had time to open my mouth a strange light began to glow around me, and suddenly the side of the ship seemed to open, and I saw Mont Pelee a seething mass of flame, which shot upward to the skies. As I gazed at the sight the same rustling noise which I had first heard again fell on my ears, and the strange black bird that had appeared above the ship two days before swooped down, spreading its huge body and wings between me and the scene. It was nearer now, and its head, I could have sworn, was the head of a human being, with a look of unmistakable warning in its eyes. As I raised my hand, with a cry of alarm, it disappeared, and I found myself sitting up in my berth staring wildly at the wall of my cabin, where a moment ago Pelee had shot forth flame and smoke.

"Only a dream? Yes, of course. But the strangest part of it has to come. The next day there was a consultation as to whether we should remain in harbor another day or sail at once. The vision of the previous night rose up before me, and I felt relieved when it was decided to set sail right away. Some delays occurred, however, and finally we sailed out of St. Pierre a few minutes before 8 o'clock on the 8th of May. I shall never forget that day as long as I live. We were just barely out of the harbor when a terrible thing happened. The most terrific noise I ever heard in my life sounded from Mont Pelee. I could think of nothing but the crack of doom. It seemed as if it must be heard around the world. Every eye was turned toward the volcano, which for some time had been sending out ashes and cinders. As I looked toward it a great volume of black vapor rose from the crater. This was filled with sparks, like electricity. Then a sheet of flame like a huge blast furnace rose heavenward. I think the whole mountain must have blown up. Again my vision of the flaming mount and the great black bird rose in my mind, but now neither body nor wings of bird, beast or spirit hovered between my eyes and the terrible sight. This time it was no dream, but a fearful reality.

"In another minute the air about us was filled with choking vapors. Ashes and dust rained upon the deck of the vessel, which rocked in a tidal wave.

"When we reached Santo Domingo we heard that St. Pierre was totally blotted out, and I shuddered at the doom from which we had escaped."

No Help For the Dying.

The extreme callousness of the old English gamblers, or gentlemen, as they were then called, is illustrated by the following account which Horace Walpole, the celebrated letter writer, gives of a curious occurrence at White's coffee house in London. In one of his epistles to Sir Horace Mann, under date of Sept. 1, 1750, he says: "They have put into the papers a good story, made at White's. A man dropped down dead at the door and was carried in. The club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him the wagerers for his death interposed and said it would affect the fairness of the bet, and they stopped their efforts."

A Money Question.

Jack—What's the difference between the color of a rose and a counterfeit copper? Dick—I hate to give up anything with money in it, but I do. What is the answer? Jack—One is a good scent, and the other isn't.—Bohemian Magazine.

The Thanksgiving Pumpkins

By GEORGE COOPER.

GLOBES of gold on the upland lay
The ripened pumpkins at close of day.
Up the meadows the cows came slow,
With bells a-tinkle and gentle low.
Tommy paused by the old stone wall.
Unromantic was he, and small.
What do they see, those twinkling eyes?
Floating visions of luscious pies,
Flaky crust of the lightest brown!
Smacking his lips and looking down
Over the wall, he saw a sight.
Pumpkins were stirring, left and right!
Legs and arms had begun to sprout!
Tommy is too much amazed to shout.
How they grin at him—how they stare!
Straight on end stands Thomas' hair.

"Hold!" he hears a voice outring.
"Tremble—I'm the pumpkin king!
Bind the culprit, foot and hand;
Let him here before me stand,
Pumpkin subjects, I command!
Cut him up in crescent slices;
Chubby boy—I'm told it nice is!
Oft for him have we been sliced up,
Mashed and delicately spiced up.
Monster of the youthful brow,
Turn about is fair play now!

"Trice him up and slice him up!
Dig straightway an oven;
Roll the crust of watered dust;
Then this pie we'll shove in!"

"TREMBLE—I'M THE PUMPKIN KING!"

They lunged at him, they plunged at him,
They sat on him, fell flat on him,
Surrounded him and pounded him;
They seized him and squeezed him;
They rolled him and told him
What a pie to bake he soon would make
For their Thanksgiving dinner!
How very glad they were they had
A boy that was so thinner!

The early moonlight silvered all the hill;
Then Tommy woke and heard the cricket's shrill.
Those pumpkins lay in singular repose;
Not one of them displayed eye, mouth or nose.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Tommy. "That was droll!"
Then to the farmhouse quietly he stole,
Rejoicing that his chubby self was whole.
But on Thanksgiving day, with curious eyes,
He gazed on grandma's luscious pumpkin pies!

—Examiner.

THE HARVEST HOME.

Thanksgiving In the Old Simple Days of England.

In the old simple days of England the harvest home was such a scene as Horace's friends might have expected to see at his Sabine farm. The grain last cut was brought home in its wagon, called the hock cart—surmounted by a figure formed of sheaf with gay dressings—suggesting a representation of the goddess Ceres, while a pipe and tabor went merrily sounding in front and the reapers tripped around in a hand in hand ring, singing:

"Harvest home, harvest home!
We have plowed, we have sowed,
We have reaped, we have mowed,
We have brought home every load,
Hip, hip, hip, harvest home!"

In the evening of harvest home the supper took place in the barn or some other suitable place, the master and mistress generally presiding. This feast was always composed of substantial food with plenty of good ale.

There is a growing tendency at the present time to abolish these old harvest festivals and to substitute a festival for the whole parish, with services in the forenoon and a dinner afterward, followed by sports and games for the men and tea drinking for the women.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Thanksgiving Days in Hungary.

In Hungary Thanksgiving days or something analogous to them used to be common, but have now passed away except on rare occasions of national rejoicing. Then a horse race of a particularly exciting description takes the place that football occupies in the American observance of the real thing in the way of Thanksgiving celebrations.

Fig Leaf Salad.

Adam (returning to dinner) to Eve—Good heavens! Oh, these women! They can't leave anything alone. You have gone and made the salad out of my Sunday clothes.—Bon Vivant.

Among the Basutos and also with the natives of the New Hebrides hissing is a sign of applause.

COLD BEANS.

Little Jule's Thanksgiving Dinner Wasn't Very Satisfying.

"Well, all I've got to say is that this Thanksgivin' day was better'n the last was," said little Jule. "It couldn't be worse, for last Thanksgivin' day I didn't have any Thanksgivin' at all. I'll tell you how it was.

"You see, my Uncle Depew Green, he invited me an' ma out to his farm to spend Thanksgivin' day.

"Ma, she said she guessed we'd better go, for it would save a lot of fuss an' trouble at home an' she wouldn't have to cook any turkey.

"An' I said I guessed we'd better go, too, for Uncle Deep always had pretty good dinners.

"An' ma she said there was enough cold beans in the house to last me for two or three days.

"I didn't like cold beans much, but every time I'd ast 'em I'd think how good Uncle Deep's dinner was goin' to be, so I didn't say anything about it, but after the fifth or fourth meal it was hard work.

"We were goin' to start for Uncle Deep's Thanksgivin' mornin' an' get back that night, for ma said she could not spare any more time. An' I don't know whether so many cold beans affected ma's head or what was the reason, but when the day before Thanksgivin' came she said that she was sure it was Thanksgivin' day an' we'd made a mistake thinkin' it was the next day an' we'd better start right off or be late for dinner.

"When we come to the station, near Uncle Deep's house, the station master said there wasn't any wagon an' he guessed they expected us tomorrow. An' ma said we had come to Thanksgivin' dinner an' maybe the wagon was goin' for more folks. An' then the station master grinned. An' when we come to Uncle Deep's there was Solon choppin' wood in the front yard. An' Solon he said, 'Why, I thought you was comin' tomorrow.' An' ma she said his pa had invited us to Thanksgivin' dinner. An' Solon he grinned.

"Uncle Deep came to the door, an' he said, 'Why, we thought you an' Jule was coming tomorrow.' An' ma she said she thought we was comin' to dinner Thanksgivin' day. An' Uncle Deep he said that he was glad to see us today all the same an' that they wasn't cookin' much today, 'cause tomorrow was Thanksgivin', but he guessed there was some cold beans for dinner, an' to come right in an' sit down.

"Ma was so flurried she said she couldn't wait, 'cause she had something particular to do at home. An' Uncle Deep he grinned. So we went right back to the station, an' we had to wait three hours for a train, an' we didn't get home till most night.

"An' ma said she'd had enough goin' to Uncle Deep's an' we could stay at home the next day. An' when I asked her could we have a turkey she got angry an' said not to bother her an' that there was enough cold beans left for dinner tomorrow. But I couldn't eat them."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Yankee Thanksgiving Customs Have Made a Hit There.

Since Admiral Dewey played the part of a modern Columbus and discovered an archipelago with a greater number of inhabitants than were to be found in all America when Columbus landed there have been great changes in the Philippines, and a good many of the customs brought over by the Yankees have been adopted by the natives. Any form of festive enjoyment always appeals to those childlike people of the south seas, and to the numerous holidays introduced and celebrated by the Spaniards they have been glad to add Thanksgiving. Turkeys are as yet lacking, but they will come in time doubtless, and meanwhile there are plenty of other things suitable to feast upon.

Uncle Sam has now 10,000 soldiers in the Philippines, and every one of them will celebrate Thanksgiving day in some fashion. Though they are scattered over the island in no fewer than 400 different posts, every "mess" will have its special dinner to mark the joyous occasion. For this feast money will be provided out of the "company fund," which is handled by the captain of each company.—Philadelphia Times.

The Pony Smoke.

The Apaches and Cheyennes are in the habit of holding a pony smoke on Thanksgiving day. Often the Osages, too, indulge in this expensive festival. A pony smoke is a friendly meeting of two tribes and is especially appropriate for the occasion. The tribe giving the smoke is supposed to bear all the expenses. They provide the best game and vegetables in the market for their guests, and at the end of the first day's meeting they present a good pony to the head of each family visiting them. As a tribe consists of from 300 to 500 families, the expenses soon mount high. The Osages, being the richest reservation Indians there are today, can better afford to hold pony smokes, and, combined with their feast day, they generally invite several hundred guests from the Ponca, Tonkawas and surrounding tribes. Those accepting the ponies are supposed to return equally expensive gifts later on.—Buffalo Express.

The Holiday of the Hearthstone.

As the Fourth of July is our national holiday of patriotism, so Thanksgiving is our national holiday of the hearthstone. On the one we seek to express and renew our devotion to the republic and to the liberty it so well guards; on the other we celebrate and cultivate that family unity and affection on which, after all, our institutions rest. —New York World.

The Lid.

Johnnie—Say, pa, who was Pandora? Johnnie's Pa—Pandora, my son, was a little girl who started a lot of trouble because she didn't keep the lid down.—Princeton Tiger.

Never mind whom you praise, but be very careful whom you blame.—Gosse.

PATIENCE and HOPE

HOPE

It is not reasonable to assume that any chronic malady—even though attended by no dangerous symptoms—can be cured at once. And any preparation said to do this may well be distrusted. But it is the experience of intelligent people all over the land for over 30 years, that a persevering use of

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

according to directions, will soon relieve and ultimately cure cases of Fever and Ague, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Debility of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys and Bladder, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the Blood, when no other medicine or treatment has been of any permanent benefit. Sufferers may properly be reminded that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is no speculative preparation, placed upon the market to fill the pockets of a proprietor who is ignorant of the first principles of medicine, but a prescription used with uniform success by Dr. Kennedy long before he ever dreamed of making it public.

Write to Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for a free sample bottle and medical booklet. Large bottles $1.00, at all druggists

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - - $80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW
to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE
under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.
HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

ACME MILL,
F. A. GREEN, Propr.
MY STOCK IS FRESH
AND CONSISTS OF
Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn
First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

Just Received!
The Finest and most complet line of
Picture Mouldings
ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.
"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

A. T. Palmer
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 5, 1903.

Blankets and Robes.
The season for Blankets an Robes is here and at th store you can always find
Just What You Want,
all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.
Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

PATENTS
PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for expert search and free report. How to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES.
Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.
Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively.
Write or come to us at
618 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
CASNOW &

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Vanblad & Treff,

Practical Horseshoers.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

Are You Tired, Nervous and Sleepless?

Nervousness and sleeplessness are usually due to the fact that the nerves are not fed on properly nourishing blood; they are *starved* nerves. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery *makes pure, rich blood*, and thereby the nerves are properly nourished and all the organs of the body are run as smoothly as machinery which runs in oil. In this way you feel clean, strong and strenuous—you are toned up and invigorated, and you are good for a whole lot of physical or mental work. Best of all, the strength and increase in vitality and health are *lasting*.

The trouble with most tonics and medicines which have a large, booming sale for a short time, is that they are largely composed of alcohol holding the drugs in solution. This alcohol shrinks up the red blood corpuscles, and in the long run greatly injures the system. One may feel exhilarated and better for the time being, yet in the end weakened and with vitality decreased. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery contains no alcohol. Every bottle of it bears upon its wrapper *The Badge of Honesty*, in a full list of all its several ingredients. For the druggist to offer you something he claims is "just as good" is to insult your intelligence.

Every ingredient entering into the world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery" has the unanimous approval and endorsement of the leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice. No other medicine sold through druggists for like purposes has any such endorsement.

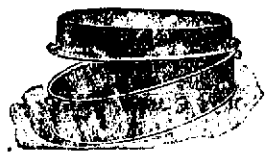
The "Golden Medical Discovery" not only produces all the good effects to be obtained from the use of Golden Seal root, in all stomach, liver and bowel troubles, as in dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, ulceration of stomach and bowels and kindred ailments, but the Golden Seal root used in its compounding is greatly enhanced in its curative action by other ingredients such as Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Bloodroot, Mandrake root and chemically pure triple-refined glycerine.

"The Common Sense Medical Adviser," is sent free in paper covers on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing *only*. For 31 stamps the cloth-bound volume will be sent. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, biliousness and headache.

NO OTHER ROASTER EQUALS

.. THE .. SAVORY SEAMLESS



The Raised Oval Bottom makes it positively self-basting.

Different in operation from other roasters.

Results always satisfactory.

Easiest to clean. Family size, $1.

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 29, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Note the change of ad for McCoy's drug store this week.

—Attend the masquerade ball at the Lyceum to-morrow (Friday) evening.

—Don't forget the New England supper at the parish house on Wednesday, Dec. 5th.

—Fry & Comes are advertising some bargains for Friday and Saturday in their space to-day that will be of interest to all.

—It is said that there are more persons receiving aid from the county in Coudersport than in the balance of Potter county.

—The Epworth League monthly social will be held in the M. E. chapel Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Amusing games and an entertaining program have been provided. General admission, including refreshments, 15c. Everybody welcome.

—It has just leaked out that a prominent scientist in Ithaca wished to ascertain the depth of the gorge from the Stewart avenue bridge by timing a stone. He took out his watch and carefully balanced the stone. Then as the second hand came to the minute he dropped—the watch, and looked intently at the stone.

—The Ridgway and St. Marys street railway which was recently granted a charter is getting ready to build its line between the two towns. The line will pass through Dagus Mines and Centreville and will be seventeen miles long. This road will not be operated by a power house and the usual overhead wires, but by the new gas engine cars. The company is composed of local people and the capitalization is $62,000.—DuBois Courier.

—President Oscar J. Whitton of the Dotterweich Brewing Co., Olean, in company with William B. Rogers, one of the best known and most popular trainers and drivers down the racing line, and a few other gentlemen have leased the splendid driving park and track in that city for five years, with a privilege of buying. It is the intention of the promoters of the new enterprise to hold an annual fair and races combined, on the same large scale as Allentown, Hamberg, Wellsville and other places.

Little Economies.

"I once made up my mind," said a London man, "that I would become the possessor of a good gold watch. I saved up the money for it in this way: When I felt like eating a shilling luncheon, as I often did, I kept it down to tenpence. I put the twopence saved toward my watch fund. You will hardly believe me, but with little economies like this I had in less than six months saved enough to buy my gold watch." "But," said a listener, "where is your gold watch? You are wearing a poor little gun metal thing." "Well," was the reply, "when I found how easily I could get along without shilling luncheons I concluded I could get along with a ten shilling watch instead of a ten pound one. So that the watch fund grew until it purchased for me my own house."—London Mail.

Dustatorms That Bury Forests.

Travelers in Tibet describe the wonderful storms of dust that occur in Kashgaria, near the foot of the Kuen-Lun mountains. The dust in the air is sometimes so dense that complete darkness prevails. Occasionally rain falls during such a storm, but the raindrops evaporate during their descent, and the dust carried with them falls in lumps. Entire forests of poplar trees are buried in dust hillocks forty feet high. These deposits of dust are afterward moved on by the wind, but the trees that have been buried die, even after their disinterment.

A Beheading Stone.

The old beheading stone at Stirling, England, was protected in 1887 by public subscription, raised at the instance of the Stirling Natural History and Archaeological society. It was then inclosed in an iron cage. There is another relic of public execution in Stirling in the museum of the Smith institute in that city. It is the bowl which the public executioner used when he went around the market taking a measure of meal from every farmer's sack.

Impossible Diagnosis.

"The boy has evidently been eating too much between meals," said the doctor.

"Nonsense!" replied the boy's father, "A boy can't eat in his sleep."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that each of his meals begins when he gets up in the morning and ends when he goes to bed."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Excuse.

A.—I say, old man, do me a favor and lend me $5. B.—Sorry, but it's quite impossible. A.—Impossible? And you are such a wealthy man? B.—I know, but I can't part with my money. It is a keepsake from my father.—Fliegende Blatter.

Carlyle's Doggedness.

Carlyle's dogged Scotch unsympathetic persistency in ascribing everything by his own ideas was illustrated by a story which Huxley told of their mutual relations. Carlyle and he were for long good friends, but had a serious difference on the evolution question in the early stages of the controversy. Their personal intercourse ceased in consequence. After an interval of many years Huxley happened to see the Scotchman crossing the street in London and, thinking that bygones might be bygones, went up to him and spoke to him. Carlyle did not at first recognize him, but when he had made out who it was he at once said with his Scotch twang as though he were continuing the last conversation of years ago: "You're Huxley, are you? You're the man that's trying to persuade us all that we're the children of apes, while I am saying that the great thing we've really got to do is to make ourselves as much unlike apes as possible." Huxley, who had hoped that the weather or politics might have been admitted for the sake of peace, soon found that the best thing he could do was to retreat and return to their tacit agreement to differ.

Spanish Politeness.

It has been said that the French are the most polite people in the world, writes our lady correspondent in San Sebastian, but I do not think any one who really knows them will agree. However, they have some charming little ways, and when they are rude it is because they are deep down thoroughly selfish. My personal opinion is that the Spaniard is about the most delightfully polite person one can possibly encounter. If you ask your way in the street of some ordinary woman, she will almost certainly go out of her way to accompany you down the street and to carefully put you on the right road. They are very cheerful and gay, but they are never vulgar, as we understand the word in England. Even the men in the streets who stand and frankly stare at a pretty girl do it in a light hearted, pleasant way which does not give offense. As to the manners of Spanish men belonging to the best society, they are almost perfect. Watch a Spaniard of distinction address his mother or any elderly lady and you will see a manner which is tender and caressing and at the same time exquisitely protective.—London Tribune.

An Unexpected Owner.

Nearly all the giddy youth of the neighborhood attended the charity bazaar, and one by one they drifted to a stall where a tiny, shapely, scented gray kid glove reposed on a satin cushion. Attached to the cushion was a notice written in a delicate feminine hand, which ran, "The owner of this glove will, at 7:30 this evening, be pleased to kiss any person who purchases a sixpenny ticket beforehand."

Tickets were purchased by the score, and at 7:30 a long row of sheepish, not to say doggish, young bloods were assembled outside the stall.

Then, punctual to the moment, old Tom Person, the local pork butcher, who weighs twenty stone and is almost as beautiful as a side of bacon, stepped to the front of the stall.

"Now, young gents," he said in his best "buy, buy, buy," tones, "this 'ere glove belongs to me. I bought it this morning. Now I'm ready for you. Come on. Don't be bashful. One at a time!"

But nobody came on.—London Telegraph.

Hard Water.

A farm woman in Pennsylvania once said to me, "I never hear any one sing 'The Old Oaken Bucket' without a shudder." For fifteen years she had done the cooking and washing for a family of six with no other water supply than what she had hauled out of a well nearly thirty feet deep by means of a bucket. Baths in winter were almost out of the question, and even in the summer they were regarded as an occasion of more than ordinary importance, for which preparations had to be made hours ahead of the great event. A cubic foot of water weighs sixty-two and a half pounds, and in all these years the number of tons this woman had lifted had made poetical allusions to "iron bound" and "moss covered" buckets a good deal like saying "rope" to a man about to be hanged.—Farming.

Johnson on Actors.

Although he wrote plays, Johnson claimed not to be fond of players. When Boswell suggested that we might respect a great actor Johnson cried: "What, sir, a fellow who claps a hump on his back and a hump on his legs and cries, 'I am Richard III?' Nay, sir; a ballad singer is a higher man." No doubt Boswell had Garrick in mind when, after hearing Johnson say that he looked on players as no better than dancing dogs, he timidly suggested, "But, sir, you will allow that some players are better than others." "Yes, sir, as some dogs dance better than others."

A Black Mast.

Most trading steamers which wish to study economy and effect have their aft mast painted black. If they did not the mast would soon be sullied by smoke and would look very dirty in consequence. The smoke from the vessel's funnel is carried backward by the forward motion of the vessel, and the mast would look grimy if it was painted any other color than black.

Let Him Right In.

A minister, addressing a meeting of the London Bible society, of which the Marquis of Anglesey was president, said that St. Peter refused to admit the marquis as a peer or as Wellington's old officer or lord lieutenant of Ireland or the leader of the Horse guards at Waterloo, but let him right in as soon as he knew that he was president of the Bible society.

What Saved Him.

Miss Opper—I will never marry you. Dunkelsen—Oh, heavens, I would blow my brains out if we were not in the midst of the busy season and I have so much to do!—Fliegende Blatter.

Bessemer Steel.

The so called bessemer process of making steel by injecting air blasts [illegible] was discovered first by a American named Kelly and [illegible] process. After [illegible] others had seen it done they still could not believe it. "Some crank will be wanting the next thing," they said. Some of his contemporaries when [illegible] it wrote Kelly that [illegible] made either in the regular way, and not by any new [illegible] or not at all. When the first blast was so strong that it [illegible] from the spectators roared with laughter at what they called "Kelly's fireworks" and laughed for ten years at his "folly." When Bessemer introduced his process to the British ironmakers they, too, roared with laughter at the "crazy Frenchman" and would not allow the "silly idea" to be mentioned in their records. The steel rail proposition excited only derision. "Bosh! Stuff! Humbug! Nonsense!" said the railroad directors when it was proposed to them. But after one road had tried it the steel mills could not keep up with the orders sent in.

Hard on a Drowning Man.

Vieuxtemps, the famous violinist, used to tell the following story: When crossing London bridge one day he was suddenly brushed aside by a wretched fatherlessman, who climbed the parapet and plunged out into the river. The foot passengers crowded around immediately to watch the unfortunate man as he rose to the surface, and in a trice some one shouted, "I'll bet he drowns!"

"Two to one he'll swim ashore!" was the answer. The rest of the pedestrians joined in the betting.

Meantime Vieuxtemps rushed down to the river bank, secured a waterman and rowed out to the rescue. Just as the boatman was about to reach forth to grasp the poor fellow, who by this time was floundering about in the water, having lost his desire for death, the spectators above cried out: "Leave him alone! There's a bet on it!"

The oarsman drew back into the boat, and the unfortunate wretch sank before their eyes.

Double Eggs.

The production of one egg within another is of frequent occurrence, and, though now and then recorded as a curiosity, the so called phenomenon is very easily accounted for. It is invariably caused by overstimulation of the system by feeding. The ovum, or yolk, when mature is received into the upper part of the oviduct, a tube nearly two feet in length in the domestic fowl, and in its descent is clothed successively with the layers of albumen, or white, the lining membrane of the shell, and finally on arriving at the classifying portion of the oviduct is enveloped in a shell itself. Ordinarily the egg is then expelled, but in the case of the product of a double yolked egg a reverse action of the oviduct takes place, and the egg is carried back, meets with another ovum and redescends with it, the two being surrounded together with albumen, membrane and shell.

Louis XV.'s Flawed Diamond.

"Comte," said Louis XV. to the Count de St. Germain, "will you help me to gain 4,000 francs? I have got here a diamond with a flaw, valued at 6,000 francs. It would be worth 10,000 if it were flawless." After having the diamond carefully weighed Louis handed it to the count, who examined it minutely and replied, "It might be done, sire, if you will allow me to keep the stone for a month." A month later he brought back the diamond almost inappreciably less in weight, but flawless. The jeweler to whom a friend of Louis offered it for sale gave 9,000 francs for it, but the king repurchased it as a curiosity.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Blow of a Swordfish.

A remarkable illustration of the force with which a swordfish strikes a blow has recently been reported. While repairing a ship recently which had completed a long voyage in Pacific waters a sword was found which had successfully pierced a sheathing one inch thick, a three inch plank and beyond that four and a half inches of firm timber. It has been estimated that it would require nine strokes of a hammer weighing twenty-five pounds to drive an iron bolt of similar shape the same distance.—Shanghai Times.

Enumerated.

A schoolteacher says this sweeping answer was made by a pupil in a history lesson:

"How many wars," she asked this pupil, "did England fight with Spain?"

"Six," the pupil answered.

"Six?" said the teacher. "Enumerate them, please."

"One, two, three, four, five, six," said the little girl.

A Broken Cup.

Signora Veronelli (seeking a servant) —Why were you sent away from your last place?

"Because I broke a coffee cup."

"Was that the only reason?"

"Certainly, except that on that occasion my mistress had a little wound on the head."—Il Riso.

Kemp's Balsam

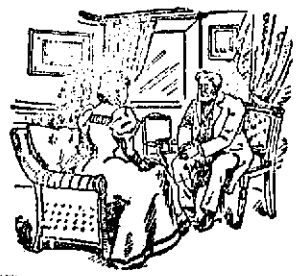
Will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the best cough cure. You cannot afford to take chances on any other kind.

KEMP'S BALSAM cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip, asthma and consumption in first stages.

It does not contain alcohol, opium, morphine, or any other narcotic, poisonous or harmful drug.

INDIGESTION'S RECORD



"The best remedy I can prescribe for your indigestion, madam, is Green's August Flower. I know of several other physicians who prescribe it regularly."

¶Indigestion is making an awful record as a cause of sudden deaths. It is beating heart-failure in its ghastly harvest.

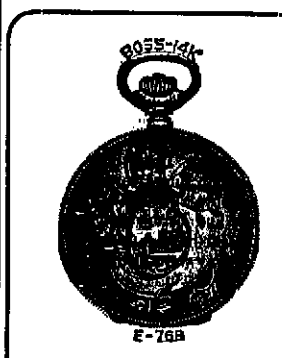
¶You read in the papers daily of apparently healthy and even robust men being suddenly attacked with acute indigestion after enjoying a hearty meal, and of their dying in many cases before a physician could be called in.

¶This should be a warning to you who suffer with regular or periodical attacks of indigestion. If these unfortunate victims of acute indigestion had taken a small dose of Green's August Flower before or after their meals they would not have fallen a prey to such sudden seizures.

¶August Flower prevents indigestion by creating good digestion. It also regulates the liver, purifies the blood and tones up the entire system in a natural way.

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

JUST RECEIVED.

Some of the

The Humphries New Nickel Oval Odorless and Smokeless Stoves.

Can be connected with hose or pipe. You can cook on them if you want to. They are just the nursery.

Drop in and look them over.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS. FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Olean County Times

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 29, 1906

SINCE returning to the United States Bryan has handicapped himself with the public ownership of railroads and Hearst, and there are two more years to bear from.

THE Gillette murder trial for the killing of Grace Brown still continues at Herkimer, N. Y. The prosecution has brought out evidence to show that Miss Brown came to her death from a blow on the head instead of drowning, which makes it look pretty bad for the defendant.

IT is now claimed that Governor Higgins, before his term expires, will commute the death sentence of Albert T. Patrick to imprisonment for life. Patrick has been under a sentence of death for over four and a half years and during that time seventeen fellow prisoners have been executed.

MR. STUART, the Governor-elect of Pennsylvania, is a bachelor and his sister, Miss Cora Stuart, who at present has charge of his home in Philadelphia, will preside over the executive mansion during her brother's term of office. For the first time in over half a century the Governor of Pennsylvania will be a bachelor.

INCREASE in wages is become quite popular just now. During the past few weeks many of the large corporations have increased the wages of their employees and now the United States Steel corporation has announced a raise to go into effect Jan. 1, which will affect 25,000 men. These certainly are good old Republican times.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 24, 1906.

It is a rather interesting indication of the feeling throughout the great West that the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress should have turned down Mr. Bryan as it did. This matter has its hinge in Washington not only because of Mr. Bryan's White House-ward looks but also because Secretary Root and a number of other government officials were honored guests before the Congress, and it was shown by the outcome that their counsels, rather than those of the eminent Nebraskan, prevailed.

Secretary Root, bearing a message from the administration which could hardly be mistaken, spoke earnestly in favor of a Ship Subsidy Bill and also said certain things in favor of the Monroe Doctrine, which were grateful to the people at large and which the South American diplomats were doubtless also glad to hear. Then arose Mr. Bryan. He ignored Ship Subsidy; he said nothing about the Monroe Doctrine; and he presented to the Convention two resolutions, the one favoring international arbitration, on which he had made his reputation before the Inter-Parliamentary Union in England, and the other characteristically Democratic denouncing all trusts and monopolies of every sort.

Note the result. The convention knew that the present administration was doing all it reasonably could in the matter of "trust busting." It knew also that we stood for international arbitration, witness the attitude of the President in issuing the first call for the re-assembling of the Hague conference. But it turned down these two resolutions of Nebraskan origin, and it incorporated in the report of its resolution committee a most stirring endorsement of the Monroe Doctrine, and a further endorsement, not of the Ship Subsidy Bill, but of the upbuilding of the American Merchant Marine with the incidental remark that it agreed thoroughly with the pre-sentiment that had been made by Secretary Root.

This side stepping of the Subsidy Bill proposition was no doubt a judicious avoidance of trouble. The Ship Subsidy Bill is going to be an expensive luxury. It probably will secure the results at which it aims, but it has acquired during the past session of Congress a "yellow dog" reputation, and there will be many hard things said when the bill is finally forced to a passage.

This promises to be an interesting Congressional session. The President will have behind him the support of many members in both Houses for the things that he proposes doing. At the same time he has in mind some things that will cause a decided dissension among the members of the majority, and there will be cliques and internal intrigues besides which the insurrections of the last Congress will be apt to look small. The inheritance tax is one of these things. Such legislation is contemplated and almost certainly will be pushed. There is also a strong sentiment for tariff revision which will have to be reckoned with; but the stand-patters, who are opposed to all talk of tariff adjustment, see in the inheritance tax an additional menace to their position. One need only look back to the days of the Spanish war to find what an inheritance tax is likely to bring in. There was a graduated duty of this sort imposed among the war taxers. It did not last quite four years, but starting with $1,500,000 in the first year, it had produced $5,200,000 in the third year and was progressing at the rate of $7,000,000 a year when it was repealed. Now if the President starts in seriously with his avowed proposal to reduce swollen fortunes it is a certainty that this inheritance tax law will not be long in bringing in $20,000,000 a year. This will be very nice for the poor tax payer, but it will more than ever increase his desire to see the tariff reduced to a point where it will not produce so much revenue. This is where the stand-patter will feel the shoe pinch, and it is only natural that he will not look with favor on any law that will weaken his position.

Attention is being called to more trouble in the Interior Department. Secretary Hitchcock is still busy with his efforts to run down the Wyoming Land frauds and fasten the guilt wherever it may belong, whether on the Union Pacific Road, or the officials of the Land Office, or both. Now there arises more trouble. It is shown, though not by conclusively legal evidence, that the Colorado Iron and Fuel Company has been doing business with the Interior Department on an extensive scale. This tallies with the report brought home from the west by Judge Prouty of the Interstate Commerce Commission, that the Colorado Iron & Fuel, the Utah Fuel Company and a number of other allied mining and railroad interests had been having a perfect carnival of good things out of the government land-larder in the west for many years past. This report of Judge Prouty has never been committed to print, but it will furnish interesting reading, and it tallies closely with current reports that an ex-official of the Interior Department has been maintained for some years in Washington as a lobbyist before the Interior Department, and before Congress where the interests of the Colorado Iron & Fuel Company were in jeopardy. The Secretary of the Interior has begun an investigation on this case, but in the nature of things he cannot finish it in his present term of office, and it will be another legacy turned over by him to prospective Secretary Garfield.

A decision has been reached by Postmaster General Cortelyou to give the contract for printing United States postage stamps to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing after all, in spite of the fact that the Bureau was slightly underbid by the American Bank Note Company on proposals for the stamps a few weeks ago. The difference in favor of the lower bid amounted to about $17,000, but there was no mandatory law which would compel the acceptance of this bid, and the Postmaster General decided that all things considered, it would not be economy to throw the postage stamp plant of the Bureau out of commission and leave the machinery standing idle, or else sell it, probably at a loss, to the company which had put in a lower bid for the stamps.

The new Pure Food and Drug Law will mark it on the label of every cough cure containing opium, chloroform or any other stupefying or poisonous drug. But it passes Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure as made for 20 years as entirely free. Dr. Shoop has all along bitterly opposed the use of opiates or narcotics. Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure is absolutely safe even for the youngest babe—and it cures it does not simply suppress. Get a safe and reliable Cough Cure by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's. Let the law be your protection. All dealers cheerfully recommend and sell it.

Very Low Rates via Nickel Plate.

Special one-way Colonist and round-trip Homeseekers' tickets sold on certain dates to many points in the West and Southwest, including Colorado points. Homeseekers' tickets also to points in Northwest. Write R. E. Payne General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

OLEAN'S BEST FURNITURE AND WALL PAPER STORE.

DO YOU WANT TO SAVE MONEY?

Chippendale Effect a new feature of Macey Sectional Book Cases.

The Chippendale effect is another new and attractive feature in Sectional Bookcase construction which has been added to the already complete and elaborate "Macey" line, supplying the demand for something a little better, a little nicer, a little richer than the type of Sectional Bookcase which has heretofore been on market.

The carved foot idea as applied to Macey Bookcases is a new, original and exclusive feature. The carved foot fits gracefully on each corner of the case when standing alone. When the cases are placed together, end to end, but one carved foot is used, which not only supports the cases at the intersections, but also locks them together.

No other make or kind of bookcase equals the Macey in variety of sections, richness of appearance and the ease with which it can be arranged to accord with the style and tone of any apartment.

We pay and pack freight on all purchases of $5 or over. If you purchase $25 we allow railroad fare one way; on $50 we allow railroad fare both ways. This is no extra expense to you and you have the advantage of our large assortment and low prices.

Remember our location, directly opposite the handsome new Exchange Bank building. The only furniture store on your left as you come up town from railroad station.

W. L. CRANNELL,

Olean's Best Furniture and Wall Paper Store. Fine Picture Framing.

SEE THE GROWTH OF THE

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.

NUMBER WRITTEN TO		GROSS ASSETS
January 1, 1904	650	$ 4,188.24
January 1, 1905	9,458	11,608.70
April 1, 1905	13,217	49,253.68
July 1, 1905	17,494	87,390.80
August 1, 1905	19,013	100,807.66
September 1, 1905	20,530	118,540.91
October 1, 1905	21,930	138,960.15
November 1, 1905	23,561	158,273.80
December 1, 1905	25,428	182,858.90
January 1, 1906	27,255	222,918.83

Claims Paid to Date, $36,343.00.

IT PAYS at the end of each Five Years from $125 to $1,000.
IT PAYS from $5 to $20 per week to Disabled Members.
IT PAYS at Death from $100 to $800, no matter how soon it occurs.
IT PAYS for loss of an eye, arm or leg, from $50 to $400.
IT PAYS for the loss of two members twice the above amount.
IT PAYS you if you live; it pays you if you are sick.
IT PAYS you if you are hurt; it pays the beneficiary if you die.

OUR PLAN:

THE ASSOCIATION ISSUES FOUR CERTIFICATES, NAMELY:

	COST PER MONTH	WEEKLY BENEFIT	PAYMENT AT DEATH	DOUBLE ACCIDENT	SINGLE ACCIDENT	DIVIDEND END 5 YRS.
No. 1	$1.00	$ 5.00	$100.00	$100.00	$ 50.00	$125.00
No. 2	2.00	10.00	200.00	200.00	100.00	250.00
No. 3	3.00	15.00	300.00	300.00	150.00	375.00
No. 4	4.00	20.00	400.00	400.00	200.00	500.00

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.
Syracuse, N. Y.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Emperor and Puritan 20c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10,20,22,&35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

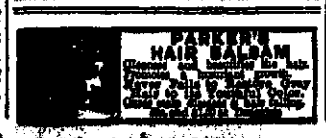
HUYLER'S Confectionery

. . FOR THE HOLIDAYS . .

We will pay express charges to points having express offices within 100 miles of Bradford on lots of 5 lbs. or over. The one and two pound packages with beautiful designs on cover by leading artists make a very desirable present. They are filled with Bon Bons and Chocolates, or all mixed chocolates. Price $1 a pound. The standard boxes in one, two, four and five pound boxes at 80c.

THE CELEBRATED GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR AT $5.00.

W. D. Hart & Bro.
13 Public Square
Bradford, Penna.



McCoy's Drug Store

Butterick Patterns 10 and 15c,
Copyright Books, Stationery,
Office Supplies, Leather Goods,
Best Cigars, Tobacco and Cigarettes,
Globe-Wernicke Book Cases.
Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen,
Bon Bons and Chocolates
Always fresh.

Westbrook Commercial Academy

A PROGRESSIVE, RELIABLE SCHOOL.

ITS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR will open in September. Prospective students should arrange in advance for the attendance is limited. Special combined course scholarships issued thro June and July. Send for catalogue and list of graduates who have secured positions within the past year. E. D. Westbrook, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

NEW YOUNGS HATS $3.00

NEW SUITS AND OVERCOATS. $6.00 to $22.00. A new and large stock to pick from.

New Wing Collars

And a swell line of the Latest Neckwear For Men and Boys.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c

MONTHLY STYLE BOOK FREE.

TAKING INVENTORY.

Therefore I have discontinued the pre-inventory sale of 10 per cent discount, taking effect October 1.

Although while taking this inventory, we have fixed up a bargain counter, on which are placed some very good bargains, reduced in prices, below their value.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

June 25, 1906.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring,

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

WE CAN SUPPLY THEM

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED

MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

SHOES.

We place on sale this week a complete line of $2.50 Shoes

Boston Favorite and Doris

They come in widths B, C, D, E, size 3 to 7, and in plain kid, patent kid and gun metal. These are popular priced shoes and we stand behind every pair that we sell, which will be a sufficient guarantee of wearing quality and worth.

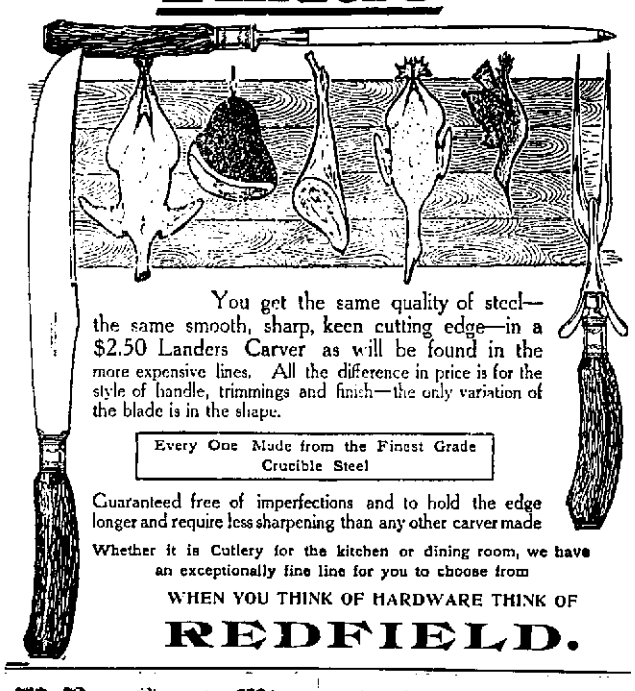
Christmas Handkerchiefs.

OUR LINE IS NOW COMPLETE.

Prices, 2c, 5c, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, $1, $1.25, $1.50, $2 each.

Gift Boxes containing ½ doz. lace trimmed, embroidery trimmed or plain hemstitched packed in fancy boxes. They make a very appropriate Xmas gift and one which will be appreciated. The stock is now complete and early buyers will get the choice boxes.

Get a Landers Carver



You get the same quality of steel—the same smooth, sharp, keen cutting edge—in a $2.50 Landers Carver as will be found in the more expensive lines. All the difference in price is for the style of handle, trimmings and finish—the only variation of the blade is in the shape.

Every One Made from the Finest Grade Crucible Steel

Guaranteed free of imperfections and to hold the edge longer and require less sharpening than any other carver made

Whether it is Cutlery for the kitchen or dining room, we have an exceptionally fine line for you to choose from

WHEN YOU THINK OF HARDWARE THINK OF

REDFIELD.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 29, 1906

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Watch for the Union Depot.

—"New York by Night" at the Lyceum to-morrow night.

—Come to the Junior Auxilliary fair and supper on Wednesday, Dec. 5th.

—Miss May Choate entertained the ladies' bridge whist club on Tuesday afternoon.

—Shoes is the principal subject of The Lindholm Company's new ad in this issue.

—Harry Knight has sold the Hotel Crittenden at Coudersport to James Kelly of Galeton.

—The Smethport High School football team will play in Port Allegany Thanksgiving day.

—"Why don't you save etc.," is Monheimer's keynote in his ad on this page. 'Tis worthy your attention.

—Those desiring an education should write the principal of the Edinboro Normal for an illustrated catalogue. John F. Bigler, prin.

—In the wreck which occurred on the B., R. & P. last Wednesday when the Buffalo flyer was derailed several Bradford people were injured.

—All members of the P. H. C. are requested to meet at the lodge rooms on Friday at 1:30 p. m. to attend the funeral of Mrs. Laura Taylor.

—Claude Shattuck is the new burgess of Eldred, having been appointed by the court to fill the vacancy caused by T. F. Mullin moving to Bradford.

—Howard Millinger has selected an all-star baseball team from the Interstate league of last season, and in his list is Servatius for right field.

—The Swedish young people of this borough had a pleasant time at the hose house last Friday evening. Dancing was the evening's amusement.

—According to the Chicago Tribune eleven football players have been killed and 104 injured this season, as against 18 killed and 159 injured last year.

—The opening of the Union Depot will be one of the events of the season. Everybody should be there to see the "keers" and greet their friends. More about it later.

—Mike O'Shaughnessy, a vagrant, will spend the winter in our midst, he having been sentenced Tuesday by Alderman Clark of Bradford to four long months in the county jail.

—A daughter of Mrs. C. W. Lilgendahl is suffering with scarlet fever. The house has been quarantined and every precaution is being taken to prevent the spreading of this disease.

—A good attraction is booked for the Lyceum Friday night. It is "New York by Night," and is one that appeals to all and deserves a large audience. Prices, 25, 35 and 50c.

—Most boys look forward to the time when they will be old enough to do as they please, and then when that comes they go off and get married, so their dream is never realized.

—A number of young people enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott Walker Saturday evening. The evening was pleasantly passed at cards and an elegant luncheon was served.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield entertained a large number of guests at their home on Main street last Thursday evening. Six hand euchre formed the pastime and a pleasant evening is reported.

—Thanksgiving day services at St. Luke's church at 10:30 a. m. Thank offerings for general missions. Services on Friday (St. Andrew's day) at 8 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Services next Sunday (Advent Sunday) at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

—The Grangers assure all who attend the dance and supper at the Lyceum tomorrow (Friday) evening a good time. "Farmers" H. M. Choate, J. B. Eastman and G. H. McCoy have been added to the general committee and "Farmer" Sheridan Gorton will officiate in the capacity of prompter.

—Among the numerous candidates mentioned for sheriff in Potter county is J. J. Mundy, editor of the Coudersport Democrat. "Johnny" is a popular young man who has many friends in this vicinity who would like to see him the lucky man. He is a brother of J. E. Mundy of this borough.

—A Pittsburg correspondent expresses great surprise because a football eleven which was in an automobile that was wrecked by a street car escaped without injury. If that correspondent had ever seen a football game he would know that it takes more than a street car to knock out the players, says an exchange.

—A change of time went into effect on the Shawmut line Monday. The morning train for Olean leaves the local station at 9:20, instead of 9:01, and the train for the north arrives from Olean at 4:23 p. m., instead of 7:18 p. m. Whether the new time table will be an improvement over the old one remains to be seen.

—A special from Clearfield, dated Nov. 25, says: One of three boilers belonging to the Clearfield Electric Light and Power plant blew up to-day wrecking the plant and Smith's four-story grist mill adjoining. Hundreds of panes of glass in that part of town were broken. John Byers, the engineer and the only man in the building, was slightly hurt. The Electric Light Company's loss will be between $75,000 and $100,000; partially insured.

—Mr. Enos B. Kepner of Eldred and Miss Lillian D. Layden of Sartwell were united in marriage in the Catholic church at Sartwell this (Wednesday) morning at eight o'clock by the Rev. Father Donahue. Both contracting parties have many friends who extend sincere congratulations. The bride is a sister of Mrs. F. L. McCreary of this borough.

—A DuBois dispatch dated Nov. 26, says: A party of hunters arriving here yesterday from the mountains of Elk county, bring an account of John Dicht, aged 18 years, being killed by a bear on Saturday. He had shot the bear and attempted to bleed it, thinking it dead, when the animal arose, tore off one of the youth's arms, one of his legs and disembowled him.

—The Junior Auxilliary of St. Luke's church will hold their annual fair and supper at the parish house, Wednesday, December 5th. The fancy work and aprons are unlimited in variety and will be on sale at 3:30. Afternoon tea will be served for 10c and the cup and saucer given to the buyer. Fine home-made candy for sale. A New England supper will be served from 5:30 to 8 o'clock. Come and buy Xmas presents.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thos. S. Richardson were given a very pleasant surprise last Saturday evening by a large number of friends at their home on Hilton avenue. The guests were entertained with beautiful phonograph selections and at a late hour supper was served. Mrs. Richardson was presented with a dozen china cups and saucers, while Mr. Richardson received a handsome gold-trimmed pipe. At a late hour the guests departed, all having passed a most enjoyable evening.

—The Port Allegany Argus is now edited and owned by Charles F. Boller, a deal being consummated last week whereby he bought the plant of F. S. Blackman, who has published the Argus for the past six years. Mr. Boller comes from Buffalo and is a thorough newspaper man of wide experience, and he will no doubt continue to keep up to the high standard maintained by his predecessor. The MINER welcomes Mr. Boller to the newspaper fraternity of this county and wishes both the new and old proprietors success.

—J. Albert, late of Harrisburg, has been appointed State game warden for western Pennsylvania and has established headquarters at Warren. All persons interested in the enforcement of the wholesome laws of the state framed for the preservation of game and fish are requested to send any information relative to illegal hunting or fishing to him by mail or telegraph. The rules of the department rigidly enforce secrecy in all such communications, and the person or persons furnishing information or evidence may rest assured that they will will not have to appear in prosecution proceedings.—Bradford Star.

Lincoln and His Beard.

It was a child who persuaded Abraham Lincoln to wear a beard. Up to the time he was nominated for president he had always been smooth shaven. A little girl living in Chautauqua county, N. Y., who greatly admired him, made up her mind that he would look better if he wore whiskers and with youthful directness wrote and told him so. He answered her by return mail:

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 19, 1860.

Miss Grace Bedell:

My Dear Little Miss—Your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons—one seventeen, one nine and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, never having worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I were to begin it now? Your very sincere well wisher.

A. LINCOLN.

Evidently on second thought he decided to follow her advice. On his way to Washington his train stopped at the town where she lived. He asked if she were in the crowd gathered at the station to meet him. Of course she was, and willing hands forced a way for her through the mass of people. When she reached the car Mr. Lincoln stepped from the train, kissed her and showed her that he had taken her advice.—St. Nicholas.

The Arabs' Hasheesh.

"Intoxication from eating a dish of liver was once my portion," said an orientalist. "It happened in the Sahara. I was spending the winter at El Kantara. In February I made a caravan trip over the desert along the great caravan route that runs from Biskra to Timbuktu. The third day out we reached an oasis of date palms. We got coffee at the baked mud cafe. We dined on red fish and gazelle steak, and for an entree was served this infernal liver. It was liver powdered with kiff. Kiff is hasheesh. It is made of hemp, and it makes you drunk. The Arabs mix it with their tobacco, and they bread liver with it, and they drop it in coffee. Thus they eat, drink and smoke their kiff. I ate their kiff and imagined my arm to be a mile long. I thought my foot as big as a mountain. My voice, when I spoke, sounded in my ears like the roar of a thousand thunders. In a word, I was kiff drunk, and it was two days before I was fit to resume my journey across the gold colored sands."

Happy Days.

However varied the courses of our life, whatsoever the phase of pleasure and ambition through which it has swept along, still, when in memory we would revive the times that were comparatively the happiest, these times will be found to have been the calmest.—Bulwer Lytton.

Giving and Receiving.

Hall Porter (to person soliciting a favor at a ministry)—The minister receives from 10 o'clock to midday—

"All right," says the other, "but at what hour does he give?"—Paris Figaro.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. May Kerns is visiting relatives in Buffalo.

S. F. Redfield left for New York City last Friday.

Mrs. John Clark has been a Buffalo visitor this week.

Rev. J. F. Dugan left Tuesday for a several days' visit in Philadelphia.

Miss Ruth Holmes visited friends in Bradford the latter part of last week.

Mrs. F. L. McCreary attended the wedding of a sister at Sartwell to-day

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus and Miss Mattie Backus returned Saturday from Buffalo.

Miss Hallie Walker is in Wellsville, N. Y., spending Thanksgiving with her parents.

Mrs. Robert Henderson of Warren is visiting at the home of her son, Harry R. Henderson.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bradley of Bradford are visiting at the home of W. J. Kerr and family.

James A. McKean and C. D. Comes left Monday for the Kansas oil fields to inspect their interests.

Miss Lona Wright left Saturday evening for Independence, Kansas, where she will pass the winter.

Mrs R. E. Burdick is visiting Miss Mayme Dibble, a former Smethport teacher, in Passaic, N. J.

H. H. Redfield and Mrs. John Forrest have been in Newark, Ohio, this week visiting Mrs. M. M. Gillette.

Mrs. D. M. Dunsmore returned to her home in Reynoldsville Monday after a visit at the home of A. E. Foster and family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ives and little daughter, Avis, of Eldred are spending a few days with Mrs. Ives' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A Denning.

Miss Mabel Camp went to Buffalo Tuesday where she attended a theatre party, returning home Thanksgiving morning with Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Newman.

Ed. Studholme, who has been in Folsom, W. Va., for some time is visiting friends in town. Ed. has been suffering with malaria for some time but is much improved.

When the tip of a dog's nose is cold and moist, that dog is not sick. A feverish dry nose means sickness with a dog. And so with the human lips. Dry, cracked and colorless lips mean feverishness, and are as well ill-appearing. To have beautiful, pink, velvet-like lips apply at bed time a coating of Dr. Shoop's Green Salve. It will soften and heal any skin ailment. Get a free, trial box at any dealers and be convinced. Large nickle-capped glass jars, 25c.

Dr. Reed's E. Z. Cushion Sole Shoes for Men at Rubin's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

WM. MONHEIMER'S

Good Intentions Don't Pay Doctor Bills.

Why don't you save as you have often resolved to do?

Our $12.50, $15.00 or $18.00

Suits or Overcoats

fit as well, are made of the same material and will wear as long as any "tailor made" garments that cost you from $10 to $15 more than we ask. Look over our large stock of black worsteds and Scotch woolens.

Try one of our Double or Single Breasted Suits, or loose or form fitting overcoats and if we don't make good our "money saving assertion" we are willing to treat.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S

MONARCH SHIRTS $1, $1.50 & $2

McCALL PATTERNS 10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

BARGAINS for FRIDAY and SATURDAY

To make room for holiday goods we present some exceptional money saving opportunities this week.

Unseasonable weather has left some of our stocks much too heavy. Christmas goods demand the space they occupy so for quick clearance the price knife is put to work. It will save you to come.

10 pcs. 12 1-2 Flannelettes per yd. at 10c.
12 pcs. 17c Flannelettes at per yd. 12 1-2c.
1 lot Ladies 25c Belts, each 10c.
1 lot Ladies 50c Belts, each 25c.
Men's Sweaters, 1-4 off regular price, each at 75c to $3.38.
1 lot Monarch $1 Shirts, each at 50c.
1 lot Cluett $1.50 Shirts, each at 75c.

Christmas Gifts. The holiday goods are now on display. It will pay you to shop early. More about them next week.

FRY & COMES

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD

If you are builoing or repairing come and see our stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, Lime, Brick, Cement. Etc., Etc.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

DIAMOND WATCH JEWELRY AND OPTICAL PARLORS

Sano's

57 MAIN STREET

BRADFORD, PENN'A.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store, Union Telephone Bldg.

Loose and Mounted **Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, Pearls, Sapphires, Turquoise.**

Watches Swiss American

Art Jewelry Foreign Domestic

GRADUATE OPTICIAN. EYES EXAMINED FREE.

Bell Phone 800. Union Phone 492

Smethport Lyceum

JOHN CLARK, Manager.

ONE NIGHT ONLY **FRIDAY NIGHT, NOV. 30, 1906.**

A PLAY OF HUMAN PASSIONS AND EMOTIONS.

"NEW YORK AT NIGHT."

SEE Ausable Chasm, Long Acre Square at Night, Harlem River Bridge, New Astor Hotel

SPECIAL COMMON SENSE PRICES **25, 35 and 50c**

Seats on sale at H. C. Wells' Drug Store.

LATEST STYLES

We have now in stock all the latest styles in Ladies, Misses and Children's Coats; also fine line of Millinery, Skirts, Waists, Collars, Belts, Corsets, Undeewear, etc.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman

The Complete Lovemaker

By NANCY HAZLITT

Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

"I know my place, also my danger. You see, I have been hearing of you this long time," Grierson said, looking up at my lady, with a lazy smile.

My lady had a way with her—it could be sharp and short when she chose. It could likewise be very meek. Now she set her finger tips together, asking plaintively: "Mr. Grierson, is there nothing else you would as soon say? You are the ninth man to tell me that since I came to the picnic. I ought to feel my sins very deeply, but somehow I can't."

"Who says you have sins? I meant only your perfections," Grierson began, but she stopped him with a gesture of appeal.

"That's the very worst of all," she murmured. "You'll be telling me next that you came on purpose to see and be conquered. I do wish pretty speeches didn't run in ruts so much. If I could I'd write a book about them, telling men what not to say."

"I see! 'The Complete Lovemaker,'" Grierson answered, his eyes twinkling. "If you wrote from the riches of your experience I dare say the treatise would be most authoritative."

"There wouldn't be any treatise if I did that. You all say so much the same sort of foolishness," my lady came back at him, with just the least toss of her head.

My lady of course had a name, a pretty one—Elinor Clare. Only strangers and the older people ever called her Elinor. Somehow at school she had been rechristened my lady, and my lady she was likely to be to the end of the chapter.

A very pretty girl, with money to her name and much more money in prospect, withal sprightly and good hearted, she was easily the belle of the countryside. She had had beaus, indeed, before she was out of short frocks. One of them, who as a tall lad had carried her on his shoulder and cradled her asleep in his arms, was still constant, notwithstanding he was thrice eligible, and the kindest, most unsuspicious soul alive.

Grierson had heard of him likewise. Indeed, Philip Darcy, the constant one, was, after a sort, his kinsman.

"Phil's the man you have got to beat," Grandfather Grierson had said in explaining the situation.

Grandfather liked my lady, but not nearly so well as he did her possessions. Therefore he had sent imperatively for Arthur, his grandson, and bidden him as imperatively court the girl and marry her.

Grandfather's was moneyed avarice, therefore the more eager. He had piled up a fortune and held on to it like grim death. Because his only son liked to spend money even better than to make it the old man excused his clutching—at least to himself.

Since that young gadabout Arthur had no knack of making money, being worse in that respect than his father, it was but right he should marry it. Grandfather Grierson said this over and over, in so many keys and tenses, Arthur had been tempted to run away before anything was begun. He would have run away, indeed, but for catching a glimpse of my lady. The glimpse refreshed his endurance and modified sensibly his estimate of grand-paternal wisdom.

"Suppose we write the book together," Grierson suggested valiantly. "I can make myself understood on the typewriter—can't say any more than that—but you—you have reams of wisdom, I'm sure, all ready to your hand. Do take me as secretary. I promise you shall find me willing and obliging, with no objection to long hours."

"I have a great objection to them. I couldn't stick at anything half a day unless it was to save my life," my lady confided, adding gayly: "I don't believe you could either. Confess! Don't you love to go and do the things you didn't intend?"

"Sometimes—only sometimes," Grierson said, smiling down at her. "This is one of them. I meant to ask consideration as a possible husband, yet see how you have reduced my soaring ambition!"

My lady met this with a look of wide eyed innocence and said appealingly: "Can't you understand I'm not the sort of girl you have to talk love to? There are so many other things better worth talking about."

"For instance, Philip Darcy?" Grierson said, with a keen glance.

My lady laughed joyously. "No, not Philip," she said. "I know him—all about him—more and better than anybody can tell me. He would be a saint on earth if he were not so much of a man."

"H—m! The most part of saints were men," Grierson supplemented. Then, most irrelevantly: "You have relieved my mind wonderfully. No girl of today can possibly love a saint. It is the weirdly wicked fellows who howl over our sweethearts—even now and then our wives"—

"Dear me! And you are not weirdly wicked—just an ordinary sinner," my lady interrupted, her eyes twinkling merrily.

Grierson laughed. "Cry quarter!" he said. "You won't get me to admit I'm no match for you—that would be a bad precedent—but I will say I know when I've had enough. Now, to get back to the beginning, what about taking me on as amanuensis? I'm sure I gave myself a character, having nobody else to give it."

"A-man-u-ensis! That's a city word. I'm afraid of it," my lady said, dimpling sweetly.

Grierson shook his head at her, saying severely: "At this rate 'The Complete Lovemaker' will never get itself written. Think how the world needs it! We ought to begin work on it tomorrow."

Grierson forgot the carrying quality of his voice, even when, as now, he spoke very low. He further overlooked a slim creature in half mourning seated just beyond my lady.

Now the figure turned half about, saying, with pretty malice: "You could not have a better collaborator, Miss Clare. Arthur can give an example of a nice definition of every style of love making yet invented." Then, throwing up a crape bordered veil: "You didn't expect to see me, Arthur. I know that very well. Indeed, I myself am surprised at being here, but Phil Darcy wrote me I had better come down and look after some investments."

There was a pause before the last word so significant it made my lady gasp. She turned red and white, staring helplessly from Grierson to the woman and only by a strong compulsion overcoming her impulse to run away.

It was a great relief to see Philip Darcy approaching—she almost ran to meet him, a question in her eyes. He answered it with a reassuring glance and turned to the pair, who stood eying each other uncertainly and in silence, saying as he stood in front of them:

"I think, Clorinda, it will be best on all accounts for you to announce your engagement to Grierson. Your scruples against it before you are out of mourning, of course, do you credit, but people down here are used to seeing widows courted, married almost, in their weeds. And nobody really knows how long your husband has been dead—whether it is a year or five makes no difference. I have just been telling Uncle Jack how the case stands"—

"Does he agree with you?" Grierson asked, his face averted.

Philip laughed. "Uncle Jack, like all the rest of us, is amenable to the logic of accomplished facts," he said. "But I don't think you'll find him very hard to fetch around. I told him also that Elinor was going to marry me early in the fall."

Mrs. Clorinda Markle, relict of the late Solomon, was not without a sense of humor. She held out her hand to my lady, saying with a frank smile: "We may flatter ourselves that 'The Complete Lovemaker' is in two editions, each limited to a single copy. I shall keep mine henceforth under lock and key. How about yours?"

"I don't think mine will permit itself to be stolen," my lady said, taking the offered hand. "I have been engaged since I was five—if in fifteen years Philip has not repented of his bargain it seems he is to be trusted to know his own mind."

Clorinda tried to speak, to say something lightly flippant, but her lips trembled and a troublesome lump rose in her throat. She took Grierson's nerveless arm and walked away, her head high, but her eyes dim behind her veil. Darcy looked after the pair compassionately, saying, "She is too good for him."

"But she doesn't think so. Let us hope she never will," my lady answered eagerly.

Darcy looked down at her, smiling happily.

Augustus a China Patron.

Augustus the Strong of Saxony was a great lover of china, and his belief in the transmutation of metals into gold was accidentally the cause of the discovery of the celebrated Dresden ware. Any one fortunate enough to be the possessor of a piece of this old china will invariably find his initials, A. K., on the back of it. An apothecary's lad by the name of Bottinger had, it is said, composed a tincture that was supposed to be capable of being transformed into gold. So successful an alchemist was by order of Augustus placed under lock and key, but, unlike most prisoners, with a laboratory at his disposal. This restraint almost deprived the lad of his reason, and accordingly he was removed to Dresden and allowed a certain liberty. It was here while pursuing his experiments that Bottinger discovered the Meissen porcelain, commonly called Dresden china, which to Augustus was as welcome as if the youth had been successful in transmuting gold, for he had expended large sums in what is known as the Japan palace. Many workmen were engaged from Delft to work the new ware, and in 1710 the manufacture of Meissen began the supply of the demand which soon became European.

Repairing a House in China.

In China when a house is to be repaired wonderful forethought is necessary. The evil spirits which are supposed to occupy each dwelling that mortals have inhabited cause the carpenter no end of trouble and no trifling expense. First an astrologer must be consulted with regard to the most lucky day for beginning the work. Then a square suspended from the ridge beam is a notification to the spirits of darkness that their dwelling place is to be disturbed, wherefore the square thing for them to do is to move out quietly and peacefully. Next the carpenters make offerings to these unseen residents. These gifts seem to say, "If you please, spirits of darkness, accept this bribe and speedily take your flight." Next the neighbors must be warned that these evil influences are about to be turned loose perhaps to seek shelter under a neighboring roof. Every house on that street receives a notice that upon a certain day and hour repairs are to begin on the dwelling of Ah Sin. Each household can then pay the imps not to enter its doorway, but to go to the next neighbor.

STARTLED BY A BIRD.

The Owl That Jarred the Washington Monument.

In one of the many glass cases in the Smithsonian institution at Washington is a stuffed owl. This particular owl is the one, in the words of the late President Hayes, "that jarred the Washington monument," and therein lies the story.

During Centennial year congress resolved to provide the necessary funds for the completion of the monument, which up to that time had been worked at only while the several smaller appropriations lasted. It was discovered, however, that the original foundation was likely to prove incapable of sustaining the enormous weight of marble necessary for carrying the shaft 550 feet above terra firma. A new foundation was therefore needed, and architects thought a solid concrete bed 100 feet square and nearly fourteen feet in thickness would accomplish the strengthening desired.

During the operation of replacing the old foundation it was considered expedient to provide means for noting carefully the slightest vibration of the walls, lest the monument might be in danger of collapsing. Accordingly a heavy weight was suspended by a stout thread from the apex to a pan of thick syrup located in the base, so that no chance drafts of air would be likely to sway the weight. An ingenious contrivance was so attached to the weight that the slightest vibration of the shaft would be faithfully recorded, and its insecurity would at once be an established fact.

One morning a few months after these careful precautions had been taken there was a great commotion among the workmen. A complete record of numerous perturbations and tremblings had been written on the index, showing conclusively that the mammoth obelisk had jarred, swayed and settled during the night. Scientific heads were dubiously shaken. After much persuasion one of the men finally consented to go to the top and examine into the cause. The astonishing report came into the midst of the anxious throng below that an owl in seeking shelter in the lofty tower had somehow managed to catch its wings in the thread and was still hanging there, suspended to the interior of the monument, and the innumerable flappings and struggles of his owlship had all been recorded by the index as testimony against the stability of plumb laid marble blocks and solid concrete.

Sport in Mediaeval English Schools.

Probably the oldest English schools were the London schools described by Fitzstephen, who wrote in 1174. He gives interesting details of the lighter moments of school time. We hear of scholars who on certain privileged occasions attacked their schoolmasters "in epigrams or other compositions in numbers," using "all that low ribaldry we read of in the ancients," though one is glad to hear, "without mentioning names." In addition to these elegant exercises, they had the more robust sports of their time. On Shrove Tuesday each boy brought his fighting cock to school, and they had cockfights all the morning in the schoolroom and after dinner played football in the fields of the suburbs. Every Sunday in Lent there was a sham fight, some of the boys being mounted, the rest on foot. At Easter they played at the water quintain, while on summer holidays they practiced at archery, leaping, wrestling and stone throwing and in winter slid, skated and went to bull baits and hog fights. No doubt the London schools had their severer side, and the life was not quite such a round of dissipation as it reads.—London Tablet.

Two Mohammedans.

Here is a tale from O'Donovan's "Merv" illustrating the bitterness of feeling between the various sects of the followers of Mohammed: O'Donovan had offered his Mohammedan attendant, who happened to be a Shiite, some of his cold chicken, which the man took at first and chewed ruminantly. Suddenly, however, he spat the mouthful out, exclaiming, "Who cooked this?" since it is a sin for a Moslem to eat food cooked by an infidel. "Oh, it's all right," replied O'Donovan. "It was cooked by your coreligionists down there," pointing to a city of Sunnites. "What!" exclaimed the Shiite furiously. "By those infernal Sunnites? I shouldn't have minded much if it had been cooked by you or any other ginour, but by a Sunnite! Pah!" And he spat again in his disgust. "But what is the difference between Shiite and Sunnite? Aren't both good Moslems?" "What is the difference between us? Don't you know that when a Shiite washes his hand he lets the water drip from the wrist, but when those Sunnites wash their hands they let the water drip from the elbow?"

Woman's Lot in Bavaria.

If there is any one country of civilized Europe that is away behind her sisters in her treatment of the fair sex it is Bavaria most assuredly. There all the hard work falls to the women while men, it seems, are at best superintendents of their labor. The feminine portion of the population of this strangely unprogressive country makes its living by sawing wood, carrying mortar and bricks and even doing all the manual labor of building houses. Even the municipality itself encourages the employment of women along these lines by allowing the tramway company to hire women for cleaning out the tram rails. Indeed, in Munich especially, women seem to have replaced men in all those harder kinds of labor which are always intrusted to the stronger sex in other more progressive and civilized communities.

PITTSBURG'S SUPREMACY

Figures Prove Her Greatness as the Entire Industrial World.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 22.—Greater Pittsburg has a greater tonnage than any other city in the world; her railroad tonnage alone being three times greater than that of New York or Chicago, twice as large as London and four times as great as Paris. Her tonnage exceeds the combined tonnage of New York, Chicago and Boston. Aside from the tonnage she surpasses many districts in various manufactures. Eighty-nine per cent of all the plate glass made in the country is produced in Pittsburg; 50 per cent of all the steel; 36 per cent of all the pig iron; 50 per cent of all the coke; 65 per cent of all the table glassware; 65 per cent of all the harness leather; 25 per cent of all the brass castings; 35 per cent of the bituminous coal; 45 per cent of all the paper sacks and 30 per cent of all the clothing comes from the Greater Pittsburg district. Her population exceeds 1,800,000. Her banking capital is greater than the combined banking capital, surplus and deposits of 15 southern states.

The bulk of capital invested in manufacturing in the Greater Pittsburg district is centered in the Turtle Creek and Monongahela valleys, the largest investments being in the towns of McKeesport, East Pittsburg, Wilmerding, Braddock and Homestead.

In the Midst of Prosperity.

Adjoining Wilmerding and East McKeesport, but ten minutes ride from McKeesport or East Pittsburg, and but thirty minutes ride from Pittsburg proper, is Arlington Park. This park faces on the Greensburg pike, a sixty foot wide thoroughfare, which the state is about to macadamize and widen to 100 feet, without expense to property holders. The park consists of 225 acres, the choicest land in the whole county.

The park has been subdivided into 225 lots averaging one acre each and wise investors will reap a rich harvest. The lots are so large that they can be subdivided into from 10 to 15 city lots 25x100 feet and offer exceptional inducements to the investor or builder as well as the man who wants to build a home.

There is pure filtered city water, natural gas, electric lights, telephones, wide streets and avenues—every convenience at Arlington Park. Stores, school houses and churches are close by. The belt car line, a car every 10 minutes, passes the plan and connects with all points in the county. It is within easy walking distance of the P. R. R. station at Wilmerding, where 100 trains stop daily.

Fortune for the Wise.

Any business or professional man or woman, any farmer, any working man or woman who has money saved or can put aside from $8.00 to $25.00 a month, can share in the great realty increases in the Greater Pittsburg district. They can get in the same section where multi-millionaires are investing—they can share the same profit proportionate to their investment. They have the opportunity to own the greatest money-making realty on earth—industrial property in Greater Pittsburg.

If you wish to build your own home in Arlington Park, you will not only have the nicest and handiest location in the county but will have an abundance of ground for a garden, outbuildings, etc. You will also make money because Arlington Park lots will increase rapidly in value.

You Make 25 Per Cent in One Year.

We guarantee this because we know what is in store for Arlington Park—what the future will bring forth for this favored spot. You can rest assured that our guarantee will hold good as we positively agree that any lot in Arlington Park remaining unsold by September 1st will be advanced not less than 25 per cent over present prices.

Three squares from Arlington Park, lots 40 feet front by 100 deep in Wilmerding are selling at $1,500.00. Similar prices prevail opposite Arlington Park in East McKeesport.

You can buy a lot in Arlington Park that contains ten such size lots for $800.00, $1,000 and on up to $2,500. That means that a 25x100 foot lot in Arlington Park would cost you from $55.00 to $170.00 each—about one-fifteenth what you would have to pay for adjoining lots in Wilmerding or East McKeesport. In other words, when you buy a lot in Arlington Park you are getting

Ten City Lots for the Price of One.

You can secure a lot in Arlington Park by sending us $25.00 and you can pay for it at the rate of $8.00 to $25.00 per month, according to the price of the lot. No interest nor taxes. If you are ill or out of work you can allow your payments to lapse for one year without fear of jeopardizing your interests. If you die before the lot is paid for, your beneficiary is given a free deed, or all the money you have paid in plus 4 per cent interest.

Remember Arlington Park, the heart of Greater Pittsburg, is the center of a district that pays out over $130,000,000.00 each year in wages.

That it is on the belt car line where cars pass every 10 minutes for all points in the county. That it is only a short walk from the P. R. R. station at Wilmerding.

Don't put your money in any "get rich quick" schemes, and remember, you will never grow rich allowing your money to lie in savings banks at 2 to 4 per cent. Realty is the real money maker. Realty is the one safe, certain and tangible investment.

Free Round Trip to Pittsburg.

Any person who wants to take advantage of our free trip to Pittsburg and return may do so. We agree to pay your round trip railroad fare if you will come to Arlington and buy a lot. Our illustrated circular explains this and all about Arlington Park. Write for it today. It's free.

G. M. CYPHER & CO.,
506 Locust St., McKeesport, Pa.
References: First National Bank of McKeesport or Treasury Trust Co. of Pittsburg, Pa.

PROTECTIVE RESEMBLANCE

Mimicry of Color and Form Common Among Insects.

An official of the National museum at Washington who has made many trips abroad in the interest of that institution says that in South America can be found butterflies and moths that are equally brilliant in their colors, but that the butterflies, being weaker, fall a prey to the birds. One very brightly hued species of butterfly, however, is not disturbed by the birds on account of the disagreeable odor that it emits. Singularly enough, some other groups of butterflies, which resemble in color the species just described, also escape persecution by the birds, although they emit no odor. It is evident that the similarity of color deceives the birds and thus serves as a shield for the butterflies. This sort of mimicry of color and form, which naturalists call "protective resemblance," is not very uncommon among insects.

Another form of "protective resemblance" which exhibits much contrivance and skill is sometimes found among birds. Some birds hide their eggs among stones that resemble the eggs in form and color. The little "lost the tit" in England weaves a bottle shaped nest out of moss, lichens and spiders' webs, and when placed in a tree or bush the nest so closely resembles its surroundings that it can hardly be detected. The color and appearance of the nest are imitations of the prevailing color and appearance of the particular tree in which it is placed.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secty of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Hell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Doylin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Denning.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kidder, J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Rungville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. B. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Halll, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOONEHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 p. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
Is good, reliable companies.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

TIME TABLE.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect May 27, 1906

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:30 a. m week days.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington 7:10 p. m week days.
For Driftwood, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 9:18 a. m 2:35, 4:03 p. m week days.
For Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington via Renovo 9:18 a. m week days.
For Rochester 2:35 p. m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at
7:35 a m for Bradford via B B & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P
11:50 a m for Pittsburg via B R & P
2:35 p m for Bradford and Buffalo via B R & P
5:15 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and DuBois via B R & P

Trains arrive at Smethport at
8:35 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
3:05 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg
6:45 p m from Bradford and Kane.

C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 3rd, 1906, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:35 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 2:35 p m and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:00	12:25	6:00
Mt. Jewett	7:22	10:54	4:30
Kane	8:55	8:30	6:40
Leave	**a. m.**	**p. m.**	**p. m.**
Bradford	6:50	1:20	4:25
Kane	6:50	10:20	3:55
Mt. Jewett	8:20	2:55	6:05

Arriving at Smethport at 8:35 a. m., 12:50 p. m. and 6:15 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt. Bradford.
R. S. BULLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R

Effective Nov. 20, 1905

MAIN LINE.

PM	PM	AM		AM	PM	AM
6:25	3:15		Hornellsville	A9:30	5:50	
6:30	3:20		Arkport	9:25	5:48	
f	f		Burns	f	f	
6:47	3:36		Hornellsville Jc	9:14	5:37	
6:54	3:42		Canerserings	9:07	5:30	
6:59	3:48		Garwoods	9:02	5:25	
7:10	3:59		Swains	8:48	5:15	
7:28	4:17		Birdsall	8:29	4:57	
7:34	4:23		Angelica	8:05	4:33	
8:25	5:12		Friendship	7:57	4:05	
8:50	5:15		Hollyer	L7:35	3:53	
5:40	11:30		Olean		2:32	10:23
0:27			Eldred			9:36
0:50			Laraboe			9:28
7:18			Smethport			9:00
8:00			Mt. Jewett			8:12
9:50	L7:23		St. Marys		A4:50	10:20
	10:07		Sinnwell		2:11	
	A10:42		Brockwayville		L1:30	
PM	PM	AM			AM	PM

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

PM	AM	AM			AM	PM	PM
3:30	11:40	7:10	Wayland	A10:35	3:02	6:38	
3:36	11:46	7:25	Perkinsville	10:20	2:50	6:32	
3:43	11:53	7:32	Rogersville	10:12	2:40	6:25	
3:47	11:57	7:36	Stony Brook Glen	10:08	2:35	6:21	
4:00	12:30	7:49	Hornellsville Jc	10:00	2:23	6:20	
f	f	f	Burns	f	f	f	
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport	9:54	2:21	6:17	
4:22	11:52	8:08A	Hornellsville	L9:11	2:10	6:01	
PM	AM	AM			AM	PM	PM

All trains daily, except Sunday.
L—leave; A—arrive; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

H. C. MULHERN, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
JOS. T. O'DELL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, April 16, 1906.

Trains leave Port Allegany for Coudersport, Ulysses and intermediate stations at 9:30 a. m. 11:40 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 5:10 p. m. and 7:12 p. m.

Trains leave Coudersport for Port Allegany at 4:10 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 1:50 p. m., 4:15 p. m. and 6:30 p. m.

Trains leave Ulysses for Coudersport and Port Allegany at 7:20 a. m. and 3:45 p. m

Sunday trains—Leave Coudersport 9:00 a. m., arrive Port Allegany 9:40 a. m. Leave Port Allegany 6:00 p. m.; arrive Coudersport 6:40 p. m.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

Notice In Divorce.

A. D. No. 168 June Term, 1906.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Edna Warren did, on the 28th day of April 1906, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, A. E. Warren.

We therefore command you, the said A. E. Warren, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Edna Warren and show cause, if any you have, why the said Edna Warren, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1906.
Gallup & Bouton, Libellant's Attorney.

THE
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Mrs. Stetson's Revolt

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD.

(Copyright, 1905, by John Barton Oxford.)

It was commonly said in Centervale that old John Stetson held the strings of his own purse and "kep a pretty tight holt on 'em too." This kernel of truth from the chaff of the town gossip Mrs. Stetson was turning over in her mind as she darned socks under the yellow light of an ancient kerosene lamp one evening early in Thanksgiving week. On the other side of the table her lord and master old Jim—he of the closely held purse strings—perused the pages of the Weekly Mirror through two pairs of spectacles.

Stetson was a middle aged man of medium height, inclined to portliness of figure and baldness of the head. His face was clean shaven save for the stubble of iron gray beard on the chin and this rather emphasized the hard straight lines about his mouth which gave his face that expression locally characterized as "sot."

Mrs. Stetson was little, gray haired and bent of figure. Her hands were

"TURKEY? I GUESS CHICKENS 'LL DO WELL ENOUGH."

knotted by an unfortunate combination of housework and rheumatism. Her voice was at once appealing and apologetic. The neighbors said thirty years with old Jim had "crushed her sperrit."

She glanced covertly across the table many times and furtively cleared her throat before she found sufficient courage to address her liege.

"Father," she began at length, a trifle more apologetical than usual, "so long's Marthy's goin' to bring her husband home here for Thanksgivin', don't you think we'd better have a turkey?"

Her husband turned to her. The two pairs of spectacles gave his face an expression of ridiculous ferocity.

"Turkey?" he inquired explosively. "I guess chickens 'll do well enough."

"Last year when we was up to Marthy's place we had turkey," Mrs. Stetson pursued. "Seems to me we ought to do as much for them."

"I calc'late a pair of them chickens will be full as good," said Stetson.

"They're nice chickens, I know," said Mrs. Stetson. "Them Plymouth Rocks is as plump as can be. But it seems though turkey fitted Thanksgivin' better, specially when you're goin' to have company. Why couldn't you kill one of them two turkeys I hatched out under the old black hen last spring and like to run my legs off bringin' up? They're likely lookin' fowl, and one would be plenty big enough for us."

"I sold 'em this mornin'," said Stetson.

"Sold 'em!" she gasped.

"Yes. Tom Babb wanted a pair of turkeys to raffle off up to his store the night before Thanksgivin', so I let him have 'em."

Mrs. Stetson straightened herself in her chair. She felt the "stiffening" go out of her knees, but her eyes flashed. Under the gross injustice of this thing her "crushed sperrit" had revolted.

"Them turkeys was mine," she said in a voice whose tone was new to him.

"I s'pose you paid for all the corn and grain they et," he sneered.

"They was mine," she reiterated, and there was neither appeal nor apology in her words.

"I guess it's pretty well settled who they belonged to," he said grimly.

She rose from her chair and stood before him. She trembled violently, but her eyes never faltered as they looked into his.

"Jim Stetson," she said chokingly, "I'm goin' to have Thanksgivin' as I want it. I'm goin' to have a turkey—if I have to steal it."

To his amazement she swept from the room before he could reply and banged the door after her.

* * * * * * *

In the big bare room back of Tom Babb's store the Thanksgiving raffle was in full swing. The room was hazy with rank tobacco smoke, and the pungent smell of recently consumed spirits pervaded the place. The sporting element of Centervale, with much laughter and many broad jokes, shook the dice on an old counter from a dilapidated dice box. In one corner the two turkeys were hung conspicuously for critical inspection.

At 9 o'clock the door leading from the front store opened. The crowd as one man craned heads to greet the newcomer, but instead of boisterous gibes they stared in amazement and suddenly fell silent, for into the room, thin, frail, but determined, strode Mrs. Stetson.

"I want to raffle," she said simply. "How much does it cost?"

"Twenty cents for three throws," said Babb.

Mrs. Stetson passed over the change.

Much might be written of her experience in that dingy room—of how she threw to the limit of her cash capital (60 cents); of how one of the Dayton boys showed her how to count the dice and as he bent above them slyly turned them over to count higher. But that has all passed into the oblical unwritten history of the town. Suffice it to say that at 9:30 Mrs. Stetson strode homeward with a plump turkey under her arm and the odor of vile tobacco about her clothes.

Her husband sat by the kitchen table as she entered. She threw her bundle on the floor beside him.

"I got my turkey," she said in challenge.

"Eh! Where'd you git it?" he said, stupefied.

"At the raffle," she said defiantly.

She was prepared for a storm of his wrath. She knew in that event just what she would say. To her surprise he calmly undid the bundle and critically inspected the bird.

"Good looking critter," he said. "You done fust rate."

She felt the hot tears in her eyes. Her throat seemed parched and choking. She sank into a chair.

"I never done fust rate, neither," she said brokenly. "It was all tobacco smoke, and they'd been drinkin', but you drove me to it."

He smiled grimly. The hard lines about his mouth softened. He came over to her chair and gently placed a hand on her shoulder. Her sobs were unrestrained.

"Sho!" he said uneasily. "Don't take on so, mother. I promise you you won't never have to raffle for another turkey—never."

HOW CHINA CELEBRATES.

Thanksgiving Day In the Celestial Kingdom.

In China at the beginning of winter a thanksgiving festival is held at which the deities are especially thanked for the preservation of life and health during the preceding twelve months. Offerings are presented on the family altar, and the ceremony is brought to a close by a grand dinner at which all members of the family can partake. The feasting and rejoicings are kept up for some days and extend to the last night of the year. On that evening it is a common practice in some parts of the country for boys to cry aloud in the street, "Maisou"—"I sell my folly"—in order that they may be wiser the next year.

Every year on the fifteenth day of the first moon the emperor of China goes in great state to a certain field, accompanied by the chief officers of his household, and prostrates himself, touching the ground nine times with his head in honor of the god Tien, and pronounces a prayer invoking the blessing of the Great Being. Then as high priest of the empire he sacrifices a bullock to heaven as the fountain of all good. While the victim is being offered, a plow drawn by a pair of highly ornamented oxen is brought to the emperor, who throws aside his imperial robe, lays hold of the plow handles and opens several furrows. The principal mandarins follow his example, and the festival, which is really a species of thanks in advance for good harvests, ends with a distribution of clothes and money to the poor.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

First Proclaimed by Washington at Request of Congress.

The first national Thanksgiving was proclaimed by George Washington on the 3d day of October, 1789, assigning Thursday, the 26th day of November, as the date, says a writer in the Saturday Evening Post. He did this by the request of a joint committee of both houses of congress "to recommend to the people of the United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness."

Washington bore out admirably the pious tone of its sentiments. In his first sentence he said, "It is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his benefits and humbly to implore his protection and favor." In his second proclamation for the next Thanksgiving, which occurred on the 19th of February, 1795, he used this phrase: "Sincere and hearty thanks to the Great Ruler of nations for the manifold and signal mercies which distinguish our lot."

The Thankful Mouse.

[A fable.]

It was a hungry pussy cat,
Upon Thanksgiving morn,
As she watched a thankful little mouse
That ate an ear of corn.

"If I eat that thankful little mouse,
How thankful he should be
When he has made a meal himself
To make a meal for me!

"Then with his thanks for having fed
And his thanks for feeding me—
With all his thankfulness inside—
How thankful I shall be!"

Thus "mewsed" the hungry pussy cat
Upon Thanksgiving day,
But the little mouse had overheard
And declined (With thanks) to stay.
—Oliver Hereford in Outlook.

FORMS OF INSANITY.

Premonitory Symptoms by Which They May Be Detected.

There are certain premonitory symptoms of the more prevalent forms of insanity that can be counted on, as a general thing, as infallible.

In paresis, which is claiming its victims in tremendous numbers, there are many physical signs that are almost incontrovertible.

The exaggerated twitching of the facial muscles in conversation, the occasional tendency of the eye to turn outward, the weakness of the legs, the flabbiness of all muscles, are preliminary symptoms that give warning that a man is about to break down.

With the victim of mania—the maniac—the symptoms are often similar to those found in melancholia, though generally the disease gives the victim an appearance of great elation. The eyes are abnormally bright, the features are alert and tense and an air of tremendous excitement is apparent. This is from a constant fear that something is about to happen.

Another form of insanity is prevalent among younger persons. Excessive strain, continual worry or trouble, allied to a weakened physical system, are the causes. It manifests itself through the gradual loss of some faculty that has been all right till now.

The loss of memory for details is an alarming symptom and one that should be given careful and immediate attention. The patient, if taken at the right time, may be cured, but not after the disease has got a firm hold on him.

Paranoia, which is a very prevalent type of insanity, is almost invariably indicated by a peculiarly self satisfied, conceited expression of countenance.

The patient poses, sneers contemptuously and in every way shows his tremendously "stare struck" condition. He is absolutely controlled by the "ego." Everything to him is "I, I, I." He is a monomaniac with one set idea, a single purpose.—Dr. Graeme M. Hammond in New York World.

A PROPOSAL IN JAPAN.

Quaint Custom of Placing a Plant In an Empty Flowerpot.

Old customs disappear in Japan, a fact which cannot be wondered at in considering the childishness which lay at the root of many of the most old customs, but in some of the [illegible] of their observance [illegible] as observed.

In Japan when [illegible] daughters of [illegible] have an empty flowerpot of ornamental character it is [illegible] by a silk, and suspended near the window or veranda by three silk chains.

The fathers of Japan are, of course, as attractive to the flowers as those of other lands. But instead of serenades by moonlight and other delicate ways of making an impression it is etiquette for the Japanese lover to approach the dwelling of his lady bearing some choice plant in his hand, which he boldly, but, let us hope, reverently, proceeds to plant in the empty vase.

This takes place at a time when he is fully assured that both mother and daughter are at home, neither of whom, of course, is at all conscious that the young man is taking such a liberty with the flowerpot outside their window. This act of placing a pretty plant in the empty flowerpot is equivalent to a formal proposal to the young lady who dwells within.

The youthful gardener, having settled his plant to his mind, retires, and the lady is free to act as she pleases. If he is the right man she takes every care of the gift, waters it and tends it carefully with her own hands, that all the world may see the donor is accepted as a suitor. But if he is not a favorite or if stern parents object the poor plant is torn from the vase and the next morning lies limp and withered on the veranda or on the path below.—McCall's Magazine.

Dissuading a Tempter.

A pompous Chicago merchant, arrogantly carrying the signs of his prosperity about him, accosted an acquaintance of his who conducts a successful rescue mission and said:

"James, I'd like to attend one of your meetings."

"Certainly," rejoined the minister, "but leave your watch and diamonds with the hotel clerk."

"What?" asked the merchant in astonishment. "Are not the men of your mission converted thieves?"

"True," answered the mission leader softly, "but, George, you look so easy and wholesome. Really, I don't want my men to regret that they promised me never to steal again."

Historic Pharsalia.

It was on his way to the battlefield of Pharsalia that Caesar uttered the famous saying to the fishermen. He had come down to Brindisi to cross to Dyrrachium and, finding no galley, commanded the owner of a small sailing boat to put him across the Adriatic. On the voyage a violent storm occurred, and even the experienced mariners were terrified. But the great captain said: "Have no fear. You carry Caesar and his fortunes."

The Northern Substitute.

"In that tropical country," the returned traveler was explaining, "most of the houses are constructed with an inclosure in the center, which they call the court."

"I see," said the hostess. "In our colder latitude the parlor is generally used for that purpose."—Chicago Tribune.

Cannes, the perfume making town of southern France, smells so powerfully of flowers in the busy season that visitors are often afflicted with a flower headache.

How the Mikado Gives Thanks

By K. T. TAKAHASHI.

At 4 o'clock in the dusk of early morning of Oct. 17 in the imperial shrine begin to flicker candlelights, pure and fresh, just snatched from a concussion of flint and iron. This is the place where presently the emperor, holding the sacred scepter of justice over 40,000,000 souls, the mikado of great Nippon, comes to officiate in person at the time honored ceremony of the Japanese thanksgiving.

You are accustomed to associate gorgeousness with all that is oriental, and I am afraid you will hardly believe that in the farthest east a pure simplicity is the emblem of sanctity. Indeed, in this sanctum sanctorum of Japan there is nothing to excite your earthly notion of magnificence. It is only a rectangular room of no extraordinary size under a thatched roof of rice straws, situated off the innermost wing of the imperial palace. After passing through halls and corridors, where the picturesque arts of Japan greet you everywhere, the contrast is strange, as you enter this little shrine, with plain wooden floor and walls and ceilings, shorn of any ornaments.

But stay awhile. There come in the assistant officers of ceremony, in short gowns and broad trousers, both of white, and wearing square pieces of stainless fabric over their noses and mouth that the human breath may not defile the articles of sacrifice. They go about transferring their candlelights to lamps of old, old fashion, which you often see in pictures of ancient Greece, with a few lines of their wicks swimming in a small, plain earthen basin of

THE HUMAN BREATH MUST NOT DEFILE THE SACRIFICE.

seed oil, resting on top of an unstained wooden stick perhaps three feet high, which in turn is fitted erect on a more substantial stand. As these become lighted one after another at equal distances along both sides of the room you follow up the narrow strip of reed mattings which cover the center of the bare floor. Toward the rear end there rise one behind and higher than the other some four or five altars of narrow, plain wooden tables. And yonder, high up on the top of the last of these steps, behind some fresh cut branches of evergreens—what, can these be reflecting lights? Ah, it is the traditional mirror!

"Lo," said the Goddess of Sun to her regal representative to the nether world as he was taking leave of the celestial court, "I give thee this mirror, this precious stone and this sword that ye may look up in the evening and morning into this mirror, even as unto me, and see that there is no blemish in the discharge of thy grave duty, and this jewel that," etc. And the divine ancestor of our revered emperor descended to the island of Japan. So says the tradition.

You can well imagine what a hallowing association arises within him as a Japanese stands reverently looking up into a disk of mirror shining forth through green foliages of sakaki, which is the symbol of sanctity. Once, therefore, you enter into the spirit of the place you will feel its very simplicity and plainness become pregnant with air of strange sweetness. Of elaborate candle frames of gold and silver there are none, nor the heavy smokes of incense. But the soft fragrance as it waves out uncertainly from pillars and posts and floorings of unstained cedar, smoothed and polished under skillful slide of joiner's plane until they shine out of their own beauty, more beautiful than hard coats of paints and varnish—how agreeable! And as you watch those ancient lamps burn in serene steadiness you imagine you are standing in the hovering presence of unseen gods.

But here comes the master officer, with strange hat and in strange costume. He proceeds to the altar in measured steps, and there follow after him a train of underofficers holding up to the eye's level wooden trays of strange make, each heavy with a pile of first gatherings of the season. In this tray there is a heap of first grains of rice from the imperial field, where the emperor himself sowed the seed in early summer, and in that pair of earthen bottles the sweet liquor of sake, the first brewed of the harvest of Ise. Tray after tray the master officer receives the first productions of land and water, the feathered traveler of air and flower visitors of sun, and in hushed silence he places them on different steps in due order. The offerings are now on the altar. The officers take their seats in single rows on each side of the center mattings. Hark the rustling sound! There comes the emperor. Attired in his ancient costume of state, the majestic form advances slowly to the altar. He; he stops! Hush he takes a parchment roll! "Ware Kashi-Komi Kashi-Komi Maosaku"—In dread adoration. Oh, fathers in heaven, we come to pray. As an awful stillness falls around, the clear, vibrant voice goes on extolling the virtues and greatness of heaven and heaven made ancestors, and flows on thanking for the unerring return of the joyful season of harvest and plenty, and rises higher, invoking their undiminished aid, and protection that the imperial house may reign over the loyal people and rejoice with them in the goodness of divine power into eternity. The end is reached, and with an impressive clap of hand, twice repeated, he ends the prayer, and the imperial figure moves out in the same august stateliness.

The sun is up, and as its first rays strike the royal chrysanthemums, embroidered in gold, against the purple ground flapping over the imperial gate way the whole of Japan awakes in joy.—Montreal Star.

THE FAMILY LOVE FEAST.

It Resulted In Strained Relations and Hysterical Sobs.

"Now," said dear old Grandpa Smithkins, "we are a family that sort ut keeps in touch with our relations, and yit we never seem to really git together. Here we are all alone in this great big homestead. What do you say mother, to us having a big sociable family reunion and have feast Thanksgiving dinner? We'll invite all our relations, old and young. What do you say to that?"

Grandma Smithkins' cheerful face fairly beamed. "It will be the very thing!" she said enthusiastically.

So the big table was set with forty covers. All the male and female Smithkinses, cousins, uncles, aunts and nephews, sent fraternal acceptances of the invitation, and for a week Grandpa and Grandma Smithkins kept their servants working overtime.

Thanksgiving came, and so did the relatives—just in time for dinner. Grandma and Grandpa Smithkins hugged and kissed everybody, and dinner was announced.

Uncle George was placed next to Cousin Charley, who had borrowed $50 of his uncle and had never returned it.

Aunt Emma was placed next to Cousin Fanny. The latter had married into a family Aunt Emma considered beneath her.

Brother-in-law Hardupp Smithkins sat beside Uncle Gottmoney Smithkins, who had foreclosed a mortgage on Hardupp.

Aunt Caroline and Aunt Jane were close together. They always quarreled on woman's rights.

Uncle Abner and Uncle John were respectively tariff revisionist and "stand patter."

Cousin Mary and Cousin Matilda were placed side by side. They had had a property division quarrel ten years before that still existed in a lawsuit.

Uncle Mumford and Nephew Henry were table neighbors. Uncle Mumford had allowed Nephew Henry's note to go to protest.

Even the American boys who regarded face washing as a task rather than a pleasure were sandwiched between Aunt Struckupp Smithkins' eight Fauntleroy dressed sons.

Finally Uncle Bill, whom everybody thought was in jail and who had not been invited, came in intoxicated and made a few remarks apropos of those present and their failings and in about five minutes—

* * * * * * *

"Well," said dear old Grandpa Smithkins as he viewed the wrecked dining room, "talk about strained relations! Uncle Gottmoney's collar bone is broken and"— But the hysterical sobbing of Grandma Smithkins as she gazed on the havoc wrought broke off his train of unpleasant thought.—New York Journal.

SIXTY DAY THANKSGIVING.

Spectacular Fetes of the Wine Dressers of Vevay.

"Our Thanksgiving day?" said the Frenchman. "We don't call any of our fetes by that name, but we might as well. The finest "Thanksgiving day" celebration I ever saw took place at Vevay in 1889. It was organized by wine dressers, and the magnificent pageant lasted sixty days. The idea of the fete was to reproduce all the familiar objects and phases of local life and work.

"The festival was opened by a great chorus singing the national hymn. The abbot delivered an impressive speech. Ballets were danced in the great market square—a ballet of the reapers, a ballet of the grape pickers, a ballet of the Fauns and Bacchantes, a ballet of the spring and a dance of Ceres and Pallas. Floats, exquisitely decorated, represented the dairy industry, the miller's work, the grape picking and wine making, spring and autumn. Music, color and grace marked this glorification of agriculture, labor and patriotism. It all meant the same thing as your Thanksgiving day."—New York Times.

Johnny's Afterthought.

There's one thing I'm more thankful for
since Thanksgiving is past—
And I expect they's other boys that's
jest as glad as me—
And that is, though I "gobbled" lots and
got "stuffed" full and fast,
'Bout like a turkey, no one cooked or
carved or et me. See?
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

THE "HOLY HOUSE."

Legend of the House of Mary and the Saviour.

Let me give the traditions of the legend. At Nazareth was preserved with pious care the house of Our Lady. The dwelling place in which she received the glorious message of the incarnation, the lowly home which sheltered the holy family for so many years, was a very precious sanctuary. On May 10, 1291, a month after the taking of Tripoli and Ptolemais, this holy house was carried by the hands of angels from Nazareth to a place in Dalmatia between Fiume and Tersatz on the Adriatic shore.

It was a one roomed edifice, built of red square stones, fastened with cement, and bore proof of age and oriental design. It stood without any foundations and had a wooden decorated ceiling. The walls were covered with frescoes; there were a door and a narrow window; inside were an altar of stone, an ancient crucifix, a small cupboard, containing a few vessels of common use; a chimney and hearth, above which was a cedar statue of Our Lady with the Holy Child in her arms. The pastor of the place learned in a vision that the building was the house of Our Lady, the stone altar that at which St. Peter celebrated mass and the statue the work of St. Luke the Evangelist. In proof of the vision he was cured of a serious illness. A deputation of four responsible persons forthwith were sent to Nazareth to investigate the mystery, and they found that the house was no longer to be found.

Measurement and other means taken proved that the house that had suddenly appeared in Dalmatia was indeed none other than that which had as suddenly left Palestine. Three years after, on Dec. 10, 1294, the holy house again disappeared and under the pontificate of Celestine V. came to Recanati, a little town in the march of Ancona, when it fixed itself in a laurel grove belonging to a pious lady called Loreto. It was discovered by some shepherds and soon became recognized and was henceforth a much frequented place of pilgrimage. Eight months afterward the house removed to a small hill, three miles from Recanati, to land belonging to two brothers, who, however, fell out shortly afterward over the division of wealth which began to flow to the new shrine.

To save strife between the brothers the house was suddenly lifted once more and this time settled down finally in the midst of the public way, which had to be diverted in consequence. Here, too, in the course of time a chapel was built, which gave way in time to the present basilica. The famous pilgrimage of Loreto goes on today. Popes, kings and princes have visited this shrine and left great gifts. Later on a festival with liturgical rites was instituted, and in time the feast of the translation of the holy house was extended to many countries.—Fortnightly Review.

Letters and Pounds.

I believe the stability of the English character and its implicit acceptance of authority are due in a large measure to the fact that long before it leaves the spelling class it is ready to believe anything. And this unquestioning attitude of mind is only rendered the more hopeless when it comes to learn that in one case twelve ounces make a pound, in another case it requires sixteen. Indeed, if we had set ourselves deliberately to stamp out rational instincts and the habit of logical and thoughtful inquiry in the child mind, we probably could not have devised two more fiendish instruments than our scheme of spelling on the one hand and of weights and measures on the other.—London Mail.

Unstamped Letters In England.

Many people are unaware of the fact that the sender of an unstamped letter can be proceeded against for the postage. The moment a person posts an unpaid letter he becomes a debtor to the postoffice. If it is refused by the addressee the sender is liable for the postage. An enormous number of unstamped letters are posted every year. No record is kept of the exact number. Many large firms give instructions at the postoffice that unstamped letters are not to be delivered to them. They are then returned to the senders, and in the case of frequent offenders legal steps are taken.—London Lady.

Her Simplicity.

A silly little lady had a husband, a lover of gayety, who was inclined to neglect his wife. This lady while spending the winter in Devonshire said one day at the country postoffice:

"Dear me, what a silly mistake you postoffice people have made."

"How, madam?" asked the clerk.

"Why," she explained, with a titter, "here I have just got a letter from my husband, who is working hard in London, and the envelope is postmarked Monte Carlo."—London Queen.

The Sweet Girl's Way.

After a girl has worked for six months to get a young man, lying awake nights to think up new schemes of fascination, it is amazing to witness the coolness with which she can look up into his eyes after he has finally proposed and murmur tenderly, "You hypnotist!"—Somerville Journal.

The Burglar's Jimmy.

Why does the burglar call the tool with which he opens windows and doors a "jimmy?" No one seems to be sure. Perhaps it is merely a pet name. The French burglar calls his jimmy "Frere Jacques," which is first cousin to "Jimmy."

In prosperity the proud man knows nobody; in adversity nobody knows him.—Duquoin Call.

Subscribe for The MINER and get all the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer

$1.50 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

Think of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure if your nose and throat discharges—if your breath is foul or feverish. This snow white soothing balm contains Oil of Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., incorporated into an imported, creamlike, velvety petrolatum. It soothes, heals, purifies, controls. Call at any dealer for free trial box.

Piles quickly and positively cured with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. It's made for piles alone—and it does the work surely and with satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold and recommended by all druggists.

A MENACE TO CITIES

Professor Fessenden Sounds a Note of Warning.

Cities Not Adapted to Operate Business Enterprises—Loss of Capital Through New Developments — The Danger a Real One.

It is becoming more and more generally recognized that undertakings founded on the great public needs of the highly organized society of modern times should be controlled by society. Whether, having the power, it is advisable that municipalities should actually engage in such undertakings or whether they should merely maintain their control, as it has been aptly put, through their powers as a landlord, is a matter which will be determined by the municipalities from political, social and economic as well as engineering considerations.

Considering the question from its engineering side alone, it is found that from the very essential nature of the matter only a certain class of engineering undertakings can be efficiently and properly operated by states or municipalities. It is very important that this limitation should be recognized, as where the limitation has been overstepped it has resulted in heavy financial losses to the governing bodies immediately concerned, it has seriously checked development in engineering lines, and these results have in consequence afforded a strong argument to those opposed to municipal operation of public utilities.

It is true that under state or municipal operation some minor and sporadic developments may be expected, but nothing of a general or important character. Important developments generally come only from the hands of individuals or bodies responsible only to themselves and provided with the incentive of a large profit. The elimination of self responsibility and incentive would inevitably produce a condition in industrial and scientific development analogous to the dark ages.

It is to be noted that this conclusion is derived from engineering considerations alone and does not include any consideration from the political, social or economic side. There may, it is conceivable, be political, social and economic considerations which tend to affect this limitation. Considered, however, from the engineering standpoint alone there can be no question but that the field of state and municipal operation should be limited to undertakings in which there is no immediate prospect of or need for improved method.

A danger which is always associated with the ownership of industrial undertakings is that the capital invested may be lost through the development of new and cheaper methods and processes. The extent to which industrial machinery of certain types is rendered obsolete by new improvements is not always realized. The writer is personally acquainted with one street car railroad plant in which the entire electrical equipment of the power house was thrown out and replaced with improved machinery four times within a period of ten years. The Carnegie company is reported, correctly, it is believed, to have scrapped on one occasion more than $1,000,000 worth of new machinery which had never been used.

This has already become a serious matter for many municipalities which have engaged in undertakings lying outside of the engineering limits defined above. Many of these municipalities installed plants for the production of electric light at a time prior to the advent of important improvements in generating and distributing electricity, and as these municipalities in common with most municipalities made no proper allowance for depreciation the capital invested has been practically lost, and in addition the cost of electric light to the consumer is much higher than it is in other places equipped with later and more economical types of machinery. In addition, heavy and expensive repairs have been necessary and the taxes correspondingly increased. This has reacted upon the municipalities, since the heavy rates have caused manufacturers to move away to other towns, and this again has still further increased the burden upon those remaining. There are already indications that a considerable number of those municipalities which have engaged in improper undertakings are entering upon a period of financial difficulty.—R. A. Fessenden.

As a Socialist Sees It.

Every recognized authority on Socialist economics, from Marx to Ferri, has been and is an avowed economic evolutionist. They all without exception recognize that public ownership under capitalism must come before the full Socialist programme can meet with realization.

When the Socialist party shall succeed to power in municipality, state or nation it will full heir to the holdings of its capitalist predecessors. Every dollar's worth of property that we can wrest from private capitalism through public ownership will fall into the hands of the Socialist party without a struggle upon its succession to power.—International Socialist Review.

What Government Is For.

It is the appropriate function of the government to safeguard the individual and to see that the game of business is fairly played, that the cards are held above the table and that everybody is given a square deal. It is not the appropriate function of the government to sit in the game.—Hon. Leslie M. Shaw.

Preventics, as the name implies, prevents all Colds and Grippe when "taken at the sneeze stage."

Preventics are toothsome candy tablets. Preventics dissipate all colds quickly, and taken early, when you first feel that a cold is coming, they check and prevent them. Preventics are thoroughly safe for children and as effectual for adults. Sold and recommended in 5 and 25 cent boxes by all dealers.

WINGLESS BIRDS.

Some Animal Oddities That Are Found in New Zealand.

An official of the Smithsonian institution was recently speaking of some of the wingless birds of New Zealand. "Those wingless birds have always been of especial interest to me," he said. "Nowhere else than in their native land could they have survived, for that is the only land in which no destructive animals are to be found. Being unable to fly, they could not have escaped from swift hunting animals, if any there had been. And in this connection it is interesting to note that in all probability the kakapo, or great ground parrot, once had the use of its wings, but, being a grass seed feeder and finding no enemies on the ground, it in a process of evolution lost its ability to fly, though able to run very swiftly. These birds are so gentle and so unconscious of having any enemies that if a person sit down near one it will presently tuck its head under its wing and go to sleep. They only breed once in two years, and the mother bird carefully hides the nest from her mate, though why is not known.

"The weka, or wood hen, is another specially interesting species of the wingless birds. These birds mate for life and take turn about in hatching and watching the brood. One of the pair is never absent from the nest, the one on duty being supplied with food by the other. There is something almost human in the sight of a male weka leading his family out for a stroll on the beach when the tide is low.

"Another is the roa, which is distinguished by a remarkable beak, long, slender and slightly curved. The roa, like the kakapo, is a night bird, and its chief food is earthworms. Its sight is very poor, and it may often be seen standing in the moonlight with the tip of its beak resting upon the ground, apparently listening or feeling for the vibrations of a worm's movements. The male of the roa does all the hatching, and the young birds come from the shell with all their feathers, miniatures of their parents and with apparently all their intelligence, as they at once start out to search for for" and seem to require no instruction as to the best places to find it."—New York Herald.

RECORDS.

In the number of his titles the Duke of Atholl, with twenty-three, holds the record.

The record bean for costliness is the vanilla, which sells at $12 a pound retail.

The record for ham sandwich making is a thousand sandwiches in 11 hours 25 minutes.

The record lodging house is one for pilgrims at Mecca, which accommodates 6,000 persons.

The record steam heating apparatus cost $180,000. It is that which heats the 11,000 rooms of the Vatican.

The record soprano voice was Lucrezia Agujari's. This lady, who died in 1783, could easily strike C in altissimo.

The record for millionaire honesty was held by the late Charles T. Yerkes, who, on recovering his fortune after his failure, repaid the claims of all his old creditors with 6 per cent compound interest.

Mr. Howells and the Poet.

A person called upon a certain editor of the Atlantic Monthly of the name of William Dean Howells and, producing a poem and courteous note of declination, indignantly demanded an explanation.

"Do you mean to intimate that this is not a good poem?" he challenged.

"By no means," hastily remonstrated Mr. Howells; "I think it is very good indeed."

"Then why"—in a somewhat modified tone—"do you decline it? I consider " the best I have ever written."

"Ah, well," said Mr. Howells, "after all, we have very few differences of opinion. Do you know," he added in his gentlest voice, "I have long regarded it as the best that Tennyson has ever written." — George Harvey in North American Review.

Low and Loud.

He—A woman, I notice, always lowers her voice to ask a favor. She—Yes—and raises her voice if she does not get it.—Illustrated Bits.

He that helps the evil hurts the good.—Socrates.

==THANKS==

THANKS to you sir, who for the past 20 years have favored us with patronage.

THANKS to those who come occasionally.

THANKS for complaints that "jack us up" and keep us particular about your needs,

THANKS for compliments that we hear every day, due to painstaking efforts to serve the public.

THANKS to all, and we shall be glad if all are as thankful as we are.

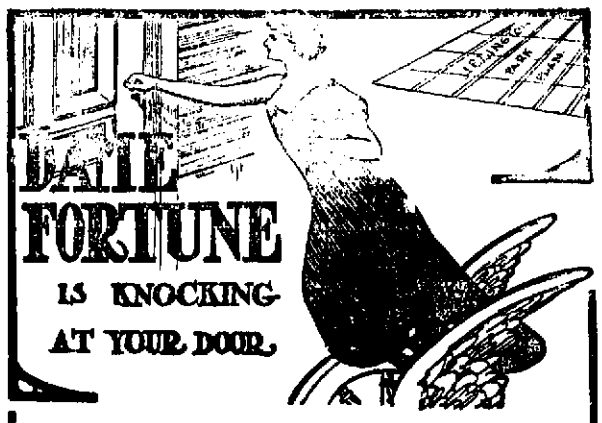
If you got a bad deal somewhere last season try this store next time you are in need of things to wear for man or boy.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.



YOU can own 10 full size 25x100 ft. city building lots in the heart of Greater Pittsburg for the price of one.

Arlington Park lots are full acre size (enough for 10 to 15 25 x 100 ft. lots).

Right on the big belt line of the Pittsburg Railways Company connecting with every point of interest in Allegheny County.

Arlington Park has city water, natural gas, electric lights, telephone service — all conveniences.

Arlington Park adjoins East McKeesport, Wilmerding, Turtle Creek and East Pittsburg, is but ten minutes from the city of McKeesport, and thirty minutes from Pittsburg.

Arlington Park lots, although ten times the size of surrounding lots, are selling at less money.

$25 Secures Any Lot
$8 to $25 a Month Pays for It

These acre lots are priced from $600 upwards, and compared with adjoining territory, are the biggest bargains of the year.

Stock seldom pays more than 6 per cent.—Savings banks 4 per cent.—Mortgages 6 per cent.—but we guarantee that you will make

25 Per Cent. on Your Money the First Year

Think of it—$250 made on every one thousand. It's YOUR opportunity.

Post Office or express money order for $25 will SECURE YOU a lot. Only 225 lots in the plan. For a home or investment it has no equal.

Right in the heart of a district that is paying out $130,000,000 a year in wages.

Remember, realty is the one SURE, safe and stable investment. Investigate Arlington Park at once.

Illustrated folder FREE. Write for it.

G. M. Cypher & Co.
508 Locust Street
McKeesport, Penna.

REFERENCE: — First National Bank, McKeesport; Treasury Trust Company, Pittsburg, Pa.

CUT HERE
G. M. CYPHER & CO., 508 Locust St., McKeesport, Pa.
Please send me your illustrated folder telling about your
Arlington Park Plan of Lots.
Name
St. and No.
Town
State

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have those same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing Hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help.

If you would have strong Hearts, strong digestion, strengthen those nerves — re-establish them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
(ALL DEALERS)

UNDERTAKING
— AND —
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSI
SMETHPORT, PA.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Beech-Nut Sliced Bacon

is a dainty breakfast dish for people who like good things to eat. The "Beech-Nut" kind has a delicious flavor and can be used in many ways. We recommend it to you.

J. Colegrove,
Smethport, Pa.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

SHERIFF'S SALES

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF Fi. Fa., Levies, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas to me directed, and Peculiar Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY DECEMBER 10, 1906,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendants' interest in all those certain pieces of land, together with 1/8 royalty interest in the seven oil wells situate thereon, situate in the township of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—

Beginning at the southwest corner of lot No. 330 deeded to J. McKinney; thence east 76.6 rods to a post corner of the same; thence south 48.8 rods to a post corner of the same; thence west 42.4 rods to the northwest corner of lot No. 242 deeded to J. H. Campbell; thence south 76.6 rods to a post the southwest corner of the same; thence west 50 rods to a post the northwest corner of lot No. 174; thence north 28.4 rods to a beech the northeast corner of Sophia Zimmer lot; thence west 50 rods to the northwest corner of same; thence north 25.8 rods to the southwest corner of lot No. 191; thence east 67.2 rods to the southeast corner of the same; thence north 62.5 rods to the place of beginning. Being lot No. 174, (25 acres) and lot No. 247, (25.6 acres) conveyed to A. W. Dodge by B. D. Hamlin in a Deed dated Nov. 30, 1878, and recorded in Deed Book No. 58, page 10.

Nearly all improved.

Also all that certain piece of land, together with 1/8 royalty interest in the two oil wells situate thereon, situate in the township of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:—Beginning at the northeast corner of lot No. 114; thence north 76.6 rods to a point on the north line of lot No. 242 deeded to J. H. Campbell; thence west 26 rods to the northwest corner of said lot; thence south 76.6 rods to the southwest corner of the same; thence east 26 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 12 acres and 56 perches and being a part of lot No. 242 and the same land conveyed to A. W. Dodge by M. E. Dunlap, by a Deed dated Aug. 10, 1880, and recorded in Deed Book No. 8, page 61. Nearly all improved.

Subject to the rights of all lessees in possession of the said lands under leases made by A. W. Dodge.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Charles J. Knickerbocker and A. H. Sloan, executors of the last will and testament of A. W. Dodge, deceased, at the suit of Henry Hamlin.

John Forrest, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3168, being lot No. 113 Biddle street bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the south side of Biddle street three hundred fifty feet from a driven iron pipe marking the southeast corner of Biddle and South Yarnell streets; thence by the south side of Biddle street (thirty feet from the center thereof) north seventy-six degrees east (N. 76 degrees E.) fifty feet to a post (50); thence at right angles thereto south fourteen degrees east (S. 14 degrees E.) about one hundred twenty feet (120 ft.) to a post; thence by the right of way of The Pittsburg & Western Railroad Company (thirty feet from the center thereof) and by the north side of an alley south westwardly to the southeast corner of lot 112; thence by lot 112 north fourteen degrees west (N. 14 degrees W.) one hundred fifty feet (150 ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing six thousand seven hundred fifty square feet (6,750 sq. ft.) of land, more or less, and having thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house. This mortgage is made and accepted under and subject to the reservations, restrictions and agreements contained in a deed from Elizabeth D. Kane to the first party hereto, said deed being dated the 2nd day of October A. D. 1901, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for the County of McKean at Smethport, Pa., in Deed Book Vol 68 page 230 etc.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Rick Donovan, with notice to E. C. Andersen, Trustee, of the bankrupt estate of Rick Donovan, at the suit of W. S. Calderwood, cashier.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate on lot 131 on Warrant 3316, in the Second Ward of the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:—

Beginning at a post in the western line of Mechanic street at the northeast corner of lands deeded by Harlow Pike and wife to John P. Beatty by Deed dated May 24, 1884; thence westerly by the north line of said Beatty lot and at right angles with Mechanic street one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a point in the eastern line of Maplewood avenue; thence northerly by the said eastern line of Maplewood avenue one hundred (100) feet to a post; thence easterly and parallel with the first line one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a post in the western line of Mechanic street; thence south thirty degrees west by the said western line of Mechanic street one hundred (100) feet to the place of beginning. Containing 15,000 square feet of land and being also the northern part of lot No. 132 as shown on map of Pike farm as surveyed and drafted by Frank Webster.

Improved and having thereon one, one and one-half story frame dwelling house with a wing addition.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mary Burke and John Burke at the suit of Mrs. Salania F. Closser, for use of Mrs. Elizabeth McCallum, now for use of J. W. Milligan.

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest beginning at the northeast corner of the Mrs. F. C. Bodine lot on the southerly line of E. Main street; thence southerly at right angles 105 feet; thence easterly at right angles 183 feet; thence northerly at right angles 105 feet to the southerly line of E. Main st.; thence westerly along said southerly line 183 feet to the place of beginning, and being lots 81-82 on map now on file in the City Engineer's office in the City of Bradford, Pa. Plaintiff releases from the above lien all that certain lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, McKean county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the northeast corner of Mrs. F. C. Bodine lot on the southerly line of East Main street; thence southerly at right angles 105 feet; thence easterly at right angles 95 feet; thence northerly at right angles 105 feet to the to the southerly line of East Main street; thence westerly along the southerly line of East Main street 95 feet to the place of beginning, being the westerly 95 feet front and 105 feet deep of the land described in said Municipal Lien.

Improved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. Q. Field at the suit of the City of Bradford.

F. P. Schoonmaker, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., November 20, 1906

Petition to Satisfy Mortgage.

In the matter of Petition of Annie Sullivan to satisfy mortgage. } In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County. No. 50, December Term, 1906.

To Sarah M. Peasley, her heirs or representatives:

You are hereby required to appear at our Court of Common Pleas to be holden at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, on the Second Monday of December, A. D. 1906, at 2 o'clock p. m., to answer a petition of Annie Sullivan to satisfy a certain mortgage given by her to you, the said Sarah M. Peasley.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 15, 1906.

C. E. Judd, Atty. for Annie Sullivan.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on the 24th day of December next by A. A. Printz, Samuel Printz, Bert H. Printz, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Printz Clothing Company the character and object of which is the buying and selling of clothing, men's furnishing goods, hats and all other articles incident or pertaining to the clothing business, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

ALLEN & SON, Solicitors.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Olmsted & Olmsted Building.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.

Hamlin & Forrest

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. E. Mayo & Son,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. E. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 187 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.

—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Benninghoff.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

DR. PIERCE
TREATS
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases.
100 Main St. BRADFORD, PA.
Over Fischer's Grocery,

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA.
Office at residence, 406 W. King St.

Hotels.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.

This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.